



Research
01-00019224 School
of
Theology
Library

Charles G. McCully
Fund



Massachusetts

Raymond Edward Smith

San Francisco, California

Winter of 1864

No. 1 of 1000
No. 1 of 1000
No. 1 of 1000



Harrah L. Gask
Maggie J. Hopkins
Nancy J. Madley
Pearl L. Madley
Sophia L. Madley
Bonfante Bonfante
Mary L. Bonfante
John L. Bonfante
Martha L. Bonfante
Martha L. Bonfante
Martha L. Bonfante
Anril H. H. H.
George Hatch
Abby Hatch





Gours for Jesus sake
Edward Davies

HE LEADETH ME;

OR, THE

PERSONAL NARRATIVE, RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, AND CHRISTIAN LABORS

OF

REV. E. DAVIES,

AUTHOR OF 'BELIEVERS' HAND-BOOK,' 'JUVENILE HISTORY OF
BISHOP ASBURY,' AND 'BOOK OF ANECDOTES.'

'He leadeth me! oh blessed thought,
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.'

'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of
God.'—PAUL.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR SALE BY REV. E. DAVIES, READING, MASS.; WILLARD TRACT
REPOSITORY, 12 WEST ST., JAMES H. EARLE, 11 CORNHILL,
JAMES P. MAGEE, 38 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
E. DAVIES,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

PORTLAND:
B. THURSTON & CO., STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS.

THIS BOOK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO ALL THE

Precious Converts God has given me

IN THE VARIOUS STATES OF THIS NATION, WHO ARE, AND EVER

WILL BE, MOST DEAR TO MY HEART.

MAY THEY LONG LIVE TO DO VALIANT SERVICE FOR THE

BLESSED MASTER, WHO BOUGHT THEM WITH HIS

OWN MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR READER,—I have been requested at different times, and by different persons, to write out and publish my religious experience, personal labors, etc. I never seemed to find time to do so till now, and I do it now as the measure of the privilege is the measure of the responsibility. I have penned the following lines as time would allow. They have been written in the heat of the summer, and while I had charge of a large church, and in the midst of many other pressing duties and responsibilities.

The Lord has made the writing of this book a blessing to my soul, and I have not the least doubt but he will make the reading of it a blessing to your soul, and that will wonderfully pay me for the incessant care and toil of preparing it.

You will find no attempt at anything great, but a simple narrative of God's dealings with me, and of my labors for him and the cause of Christ I love so well.

There are, no doubt, mistakes that may have escaped my eye in review, but Jesus' blood covers them, and so let your mantle of charity be thrown over them; catch the spirit of the book, and pray for the author, that he may live at least twenty years longer to do battle for God and humanity, and win one hundred thousand souls to Christ. Amen and amen.

E. D.

EAST CAMBRIDGE.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Birth in England, near Dudley castle—Historic facts of the castle—Mother's prayers and tears—Sabbath-school instructions—Convicted of sin—Broken vows—Rev. Thomas Collins my spiritual father—Rapturous joy—Resisted temptation—Joined the class—Parley with Satan—Was overcome—Sad experience—Was almost in despair—Again convicted—Three months' struggle—Firm resolution—Light dawning—First cross—Began to work for Jesus....Page 13

CHAPTER II.

Gaining strength by labor—Tract distribution—Good results—Call to preach—God's signs—Spirit of prayer—Entire sanctification—Memoirs of holy men and women—Best qualification for a Methodist minister—Was fully sanctified—Preparing to preach—Teaching in Sabbath school—Redeeming lost time.....20

CHAPTER III.

Exhorter's license—Failures—Removal to Birmingham—Conquered my enemies—Attempt to preach—Man and wife converted—Sent out to preach—Critical woman—Became a local preacher—Preaching nearly every Sabbath—Newton Row—Special consecration and answer to prayer—Dr.

Dixon's advice to go to America—Decided to come—Preparations—Revival in the ladies' boarding school—Young men's improvement society—Parting presents—Left the railway carriage factory—Revival the first day—Heavenly encouragements—Long farewells—On to Liverpool—Home-sick and cure—Sabbath in Liverpool—On the ocean—Storm at sea—Working for Jesus—Dreams of home and of New York.....26

CHAPTER IV.

Hearing Rev. J. B. Wakeley in New York—Showed my letters—Kind hospitality—Preachers' meeting—Openings to preach—Calls of presiding elders—Dr. Stevens' special kindness—Sent my letter to Bishop Janes—Ordered to Maine—Preaching in Portland—Tears in the graveyard—New temptations—Convert the first Sabbath—All kinds of treatment—Backslider—Holiness meetings—Lecture appointments—Quarterly Conference—Would stop the mission—God overruled—Rev. Thomas Greenhalgh—Cornish—Reformation all the year—First baptism—Repairing meeting-house—South Hiram—Prayer of faith—Reformation spreading—Glorious year—Was married—Scarborough—good work—Meeting-house repaired—Returned the second year—Sudden death of wife and child—Stationed at Pownal, North Yarmouth, and Danville—Married again.....36

CHAPTER V.

Large circuit—Danville run down—Meeting-house repaired—Charles Cobb and family converted—Robinson families—Dance hall forsaken—Young people's meeting in the woods—Rev. C. E. Libby—The whole town blessed—Pownal meeting-house repaired—Reformation—Mrs. Wescot—Sad story, a warning—North Yarmouth—Ammi Loring—Davis family—Two sisters—Two ministers.....48

CHAPTER VI.

Bethel—No central point to the Methodist church—Young lady converted—A meeting-house started on Bethel Hill—Removal to Theological Seminary, Concord, N. H.—Graduated in three years—Plenty of work—Revival at Auburn—Hookset revival—Allenstown revival—Incidents—Warner revival—Incidents—The good I gained at the seminary—Sheepscot Bridge, Maine—Summer revival—Harrison Stevens—Carrie Houdlette—Munsey town revival—Incidents—West and Jackson families.....59

CHAPTER VII.

Damariscotta Mills—Revival incidents—Lincoln family—Rev. Horace Bray—Donnel family—Rockland revival incidents—Simeon Blood—H. Howard—Incidents.....74

CHAPTER VIII.

Moved to Union—Ware family—Good charge—Northport camp-meeting—New boarded tent—Revival followed—North Union—Time for study—Writing books—Life insurance—Moved to Dresden—Repaired meeting-house—Revival on Blynn Hill—South Dresden—National camp-meetings—Wonderfully saved—Spread the fire—‘Resources of the universe’—‘Lacked ye anything?’.....85

CHAPTER IX.

Went to Rockland Conference—Good health—God fixed the appointments—Moving down East—Machiasport—Drive to the parsonage—Whiting village—Dark look—Union meeting-house—Unpleasantness—Rev. Alfred Adams—Grove meeting—Speculations about it—Order of exercises—Suggestions—Alvra Hanscom—God’s power manifest—Foster

family—Hoyt neighborhood—Edmunds—Lubec—Pembroke—Cutler—Baptisms—Blessed results—One new minister and meeting-house.....98

CHAPTER X.

What followed the grove meeting—Incidents concerning the meeting-house—God helped—Baptized into the work of an Evangelist—Reformation at Lubec—Northfield blessed—Incidents—One hour with God every morning—Mighty work of God—Moose River—Victory the first night—Glorious work—South Lubec—Incidents—Eastport—Suffered at the baptism—Finishing the meeting-house—Dedication—‘This is your home’—Whitneyville—Blessed meetings—Incidents—Converts—Stealing converts—Wesley—Mighty work—One hundred converted or reclaimed.... 118

CHAPTER XI.

Evangelical labors continued—Machias revival—Speculations—Crowded house—First converts—Annie Allen—Congregationalists—Incidents—Milltown, forty miles in the rain—Dark look—Baptism of the Holy Ghost the first Sabbath—More than one hundred forward for prayers in two weeks—Incidents—Moved to Whiting—Spent my Conference week at Milltown—Marshfield—Summer revival—Fifty converts—Hadley’s Lake.....139

CHAPTER XII.

Cutler and the regions around—Cutler meeting house—Hard work—God took the curse off—It was finished, dedicated, and sold—Great victory—Round Lake National camp-meeting, 1871—Niagara Falls—Rev. William P. Ray—Three hours’ talk very profitable—‘Lacked ye anything?’—Whit-

ing blessed—Our children saved—Richmond camp-meeting—Northport camp-meeting—Earnest efforts for sinners—East Machias camp-meeting—Children's meetings—Holiness meetings—Parting scene—Northfield grove meeting—Conversions—Sacrament—Whiting grove meeting—Baptism of the Holy Ghost—Milltown grove meeting—Hard fight—Filled the programme—Victory or death—Willie Rodger's victory—Silent prayer—Many converts—Mercy drops at Whiting—Columbia Falls—Pembroke.....154

CHAPTER XIII.

Resting—East Machias—South Pembroke—Machiasport—Victory—A real pentecost at Addison—A week at home—Mighty work in Whitneyville—Machias blessed—Addison, Indian River—Addison Point—Hall district—Enlarging the parsonage.....174

CHAPTER XIV.

Good news from Addison—Notes from my journal—Good news from Milltown—Visit to General Conference—Letter from Weston—Glorious meeting in the Aroostook county—Reformation—Conference—Letter to the cabinet—Invitation to supply the pulpit of Trinity M. E. church, East Cambridge—Experience on the steamer—Good work at East Cambridge—Summer revivals—A consumptive saved—Mr. Sloane saved—Man converted at the parsonage—Dr. Steele—Rev. A. B. Earle—His mantle on me—Yarmouth camp-meeting—Hamilton camp-meeting—Children's meetings—Young people's meetings—Partner with Jesus—Jesus gives me a home—Personal abuse—Willimantic camp-meeting—Mothers' prayers answered—Exchange with Rev. P. Wood—Last Sabbath at East Cambridge..190

CHAPTER XV.

A gracious providence leads me to Hagaman's Mills, Central New York—Rev. A. Osborn and wife—Blessed baptisms of the Holy Ghost—West Galway—Heavenly season—Brother Newman's confession—Incidents—Results.....222

CHAPTER XVI.

Holiness Convention at Bath—A precious season—God poured out his Spirit—Conversion—'I will satiate the souls of the priests'—Pittston—Settling difficulties.....236

HE LEADETH ME.

CHAPTER I.

‘Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand pluck’d from eternal fire,—
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer’s praise?’

I FIRST saw the light of the sun in the center of England, in the town called Dudley, which is noted for the castle of the same name, which rears its majestic head far into the heavens, on a hill covered with the finest trees, walks, and the ruins of the ancient stone buildings, that serve as a connecting link between this and the ages past. In this castle money was made, and tradition says that the buildings were burned down some one hundred and thirty years ago; and it is well known that Oliver Cromwell planted his cannon on what is called ‘Kate’s hill,’ and battered away at this ancient fortress. It is a place of constant resort from the regions around, and has some of the finest carriage drives, walks,

court-yard, and romantic scenery to be found in the whole land. It is now in the hands of Lord Dudley Ward, who keeps it in good order by a company of men called keepers, who live within its bounds. The public are admitted by tickets, and are at liberty to range about its whole length, and breathe at pleasure its salubrious air. And many a happy day have I spent in its pleasant precincts. It is about three or four miles round, and is well walled in. A river runs right underneath it, and canal boats are constantly carrying away the best kind of limestone, which is found so plenteously in the bounds of this mighty castle hill. Just at the foot of this castle I began to lean upon my mother's breast March 27, 1830. Soon after memory began to dawn I was blessed with the tears and prayers of that now sainted mother. How those tears fell upon my cheeks as I lay in my little bed, and how hard I found it to go against the wishes of her who loved me so well.

I soon found my way to the Sabbath school, and was blessed with devoted teachers. Here I committed to memory the whole of catechisms Nos. 1 and 2, containing all the doctrines of the church, and the Scripture proofs. This was quite a drill, and required much pains, but was an everlasting benefit. How well I remember the definitions of justification and faith, of the soul and of the body, of heaven and of hell. How the tears would start

in my eyes as the superintendent would pray so fervently for us. How I would resolve to be good and seek religion; and the first days of the week I would remember my vows, but would need to renew them. So I went on till one Sabbath night I heard Rev. Thomas Collins preach, and my heart was touched by the Holy Spirit. I remember in the prayer-meeting many went forward for prayers. I stayed in my seat till some one came after me. Then I went to the altar and bowed amidst the prayers and shouts of seeking sinners and new-born souls. I did just as they told me, looked away to Jesus as my only hope, and found him precious to my soul. I went home at nearly ten o'clock at night to make a mother's heart dance for joy, realizing

‘How happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.’

The next Sabbath morning I went to the class-meeting, and my little heart fluttered as the leader came round to speak to me, but I told him my short experience, received good counsel, and had my name enrolled with the people of God.

‘Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood.
Of my Saviour possessed
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.’

For a few months I went on my way rejoicing, and resisted the temptations, and suffered some persecution. But one Sunday morning on my way to class-meeting, Satan met me and seemed to resist me at every step, and tempted me to go and spend the time among my old associates. I pushed my way on to the class-meeting; still I began to yield, and, instead of going right into the class-room, I stood near the door and began to parley. At length I turned away and wasted my hour in the company of the unconverted, still I was fully purposed to go to class the next Sabbath morning; but alas, alas, I had broken my solemn vows, and brought guilt upon my conscience, and I was ashamed to go back and tell them the truth. Miserable years followed this course. I fell into sin more and more, till I hated to have the class-leader come anywhere near me; still I continued in the Sabbath school and attended regularly Sabbath worship, but my poor heart was sad, while I felt to cry out

‘What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.’

This sad experience put me into sympathy with the poor backsliders of every time and place. I was wretched indeed, and almost in despair at times; the only thing that comforted me was the fond hope that I should some day return to my Father's house, otherwise the pains of hell had got hold of me. I have often felt and said if hell is any worse than my poor soul, the Lord deliver me from going therein.

But, thank God, this did not always continue. I was led to seek again the pardoning favor of God by a sermon on the judgment. How could I face the Judge whose blood I had trampled under my feet, whose mercy I had slighted? I went forward for prayers, but found no peace for three long months. I was almost ready to conclude there was no hope for me, still I hoped on, and the dear Christians still prayed for me. Many others were converted at that time, but my heart was desolate.

At length one night a dear brother, Siveter, took me by the hand and showed me the way of faith more perfectly. That faith must go before feeling; that God was infinitely willing to save me just then, if I would only believe his promises. I said, when he left me, if that is the way to be saved, I might as well come at one time as at another. So I resolved fully that I would never go into that house again till I had found salvation. I went almost to the door, and turned away to wander about the streets and to

look up to God for salvation, at nearly ten o'clock that damp October night; but I felt it was a matter of life and death, and it had been death long enough, now I must have life or perish. I began to expect salvation and to trust in Jesus, and, at length, there sprang up in my heart a little of the heavenly peace, just a little rill of salvation, and immediately the Holy Spirit made known to me my duty to go to the house of a dear brother where the Christians were met and tell them of this blessed share of God's peace. This was a mighty cross. I could hardly dare to undertake it, but I was sensible I must do it or lose my hope. I started, but went a most roundabout way; but at length I stood before the door trembling, and just at that moment I thought I heard some one in the garden. In a moment the suggestion came, 'if that had been a man with a gun and had shot you dead, where would your soul have been? At once I replied, 'I am trusting in Jesus, and I believe he would save me.' Then I knocked at the door, and soon it was open and I was on my knees with the praying band, and soon it was manifest that I had fallen among friends in the interpreter's house, and they showed me the subtle temptations of the adversary, and how to resist them.

I left that house strengthened and encouraged, and almost biting my teeth with decision that I

would never backslide any more. I went back to my class-meetings. I went round among my neighbors, and prayed with them from house to house. One night I found a party playing at cards; as soon as they saw me the cards were gathered up and hid away. I asked them if I might have those cards to do as I pleased with them, and I would pay for their value. They said I might, so I put them into the fire, and went home for the money to pay for them. They refused to take it. I read and prayed with them, and warned them of the evil of their way. The Lord touched their hearts, and I gained some of them to go to class-meeting with me. Glory to God! for the courage he gave me at that time.

CHAPTER II.

‘If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave.
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall;
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.’

HAVING lost my peace by unfaithfulness, I now resolved to be faithful in everything; to enter every open door, and to even ‘glean among the briers.’ We had a system of tract distribution, by which a packet of tracts were put in our hands, and the same number of houses assigned us, so that with twenty tracts we could go to nineteen houses, and the next Sabbath take the twentieth tract to the first house in exchange for the tract they had had a week, and take that tract to exchange at the next house; and this plan brought us to every door every Sabbath, and whenever opportunity served, we would enter the houses and talk with the people, visit the sick, and lead them to Jesus.

My district was about the worst part of a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. I began in good faith, and one soul found peace on her dying bed, and passed on to glory as the result of tract distribution, leaving a request that I should attend the funeral. So that I was pressed by necessity to read the Scriptures, make some remarks, and sing and pray at a funeral service, and so coming events cast their shadows beforehand.

CALL TO PREACH.

I soon found that it was the will of God that I should preach his gospel to my perishing fellow men. I had already preached from house to house, but the Holy Ghost pressed me to make my labors more public.

As a preparation for this work, I needed almost everything except true piety, and a sense of duty. I reasoned every way against it, and asked for one sign after another. 'Give me the salvation of that young man, that I may be sure it is my duty to preach;' and the young man was converted, and became a local preacher, class-leader, Sabbath-school superintendent, etc. How my heart thrilled with joy, when I found he had been converted! The Lord gave me so many similar answers to prayer, that I could doubt him no more, and I began to look the great duty in the face, and to think what I needed to carry it out.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Before I had much idea of preaching, I had found it hard to pray in our Sunday-night prayer-meetings, as we had a large church of four hundred members; but I had read of devoted Christians fasting and praying for the *spirit of prayer*. I gave myself to this holy exercise, and God graciously poured this spirit upon me, till I delighted to pray anywhere, and could have gone into the pulpit of that large church and could have prayed if the church had been full of bishops. This was a special baptism of the Holy Ghost, and prepared me to pray in any place, and at any time. Would that all young Christians would seek the same heavenly gift.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

Immediately after I was reclaimed, I read the memoirs of holy men and women, as Bramwell, Fletcher, Longden, Henley, Smith, Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, etc. I found they had a spirit of devotion that I had not; that they were more willing to sacrifice for God and his cause; had more power with God and man. I began to feel my need of this entire devotion. At length, at home one night in the presence of an only brother, I asked an old class-leader 'what was the best qualification for a Methodist minister?' He replied, 'A sanctified heart.' This was plain and specific, and sent me at

once to my closet, satisfied that if I could not have any other qualification, I might have this, for it was the will of God, even my sanctification ; and if this was the best qualification, then I could be qualified. I began to fast and pray, to mortify the deeds of the body and to humble myself before God, and to make an entire consecration of myself to Jesus and his blessed cause. At length I reached a point of desperation, where I felt that I must have the blessing, and have it now. I tarried to pray while others retired to rest, and I continued in devotion till about eleven o'clock P. M., when there came into my soul such a heaven of peace and purity, such a sweetness of communion and fellowship with God, that I knew my prayer was heard, and there was a spirit-voice to my spirit-ear, by which I was sweetly assured that my prayers were answered. It was,—

‘A sacred awe that dared not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.’

As spontaneously as from a boiling spring there welled up in my soul a constant stream of ‘Praise the Lord!’ ‘Praise the Lord!’ What an hour of holy transport! My whole being felt the mighty change ; it was a glorious transformation into the divine image. I was filled with the fullness of God. It was a distinct work of the Holy Ghost, received by faith, and received in a moment. It was not a

growth, but a *gift*; not a development, but an implantation. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! that I ever learned this way into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.

I retired to rest with this living stream of praise flowing right out of my soul, and the first conscious thought in the morning was, 'Praise the Lord,' and so I continued through the day. So great was the change that I seemed to be walking on a carpet while about my work. How often I found my way to my closet, and how sweet was this fellowship with God, the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. Now I was ready for every good word and work, to enter every open door, to sow beside all waters, to go on any little errands for Jesus, and I found enough to do.

All this time I was reading everything I could by way of preparation for the pulpit, as Wesley's Sermons, Watson's Institutes, Fletcher's Appeal, etc. I had a large class in the Sabbath school, and my daily prayer was, that God save every one of those dear boys, and I had faith that he would. One of them was a hard boy to manage, always ready to disturb the class. Sickness seized upon him, conscience condemned, he sent for his teacher, the penitent prayer was offered, Jesus blessed him, and he was the first of all my class to reach the port of eternal peace; and when I gain heaven, I expect they will all be there to meet me.

‘ Oh how sweet it will be,
In that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips,
And with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.’

So I filled up my spare moments in doing good in every possible way, for I had lost five years of my life in backsliding, and now I was fully determined to redeem myself, and if possible to make up for lost time. I had already learned that

‘ Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.’

So I would be diligent, never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed. From seven o’clock on the Sabbath morning till nine at night I was at prayer or class-meeting, at preaching or Sabbath school, distributing tracts or visiting the sick, or looking after my scholars of the Sabbath school.

‘ Betwixt the mount and multitude
Doing and receiving good.’

CHAPTER III.

‘By thy unerring Spirit led,
I shall not in the desert stray;
I shall not full direction need,
Or miss my providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, Almighty love, is near.’

It pleased the church to give me an exhorter’s license, and I made some attempts to preach, but they were so near to failures, that I was almost ready to give up, and was tried very much, and I met with discouragements from others. That was sad; still the conviction of duty remained, and I was purposed to persevere.

About this time I was called to live in the suburbs of the city of Birmingham, and attended Belmont Row Chapel. I was then at work at railway carriage building, with about four hundred men, many of whom seemed disposed to persecute me, and try in various ways to make me angry. I had to be very watchful and prayerful, that I might not stumble in their presence, and I thank God I was ena-

bled to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand; to stand till my enemies were at peace with me, and not one would move the hand or tongue against me.

I held some meetings in a private house and some souls were saved, and one Sunday afternoon the local preacher did not come, and I had gathered a congregation, so I conducted the services myself, and attempted to preach from 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' There was but little preach in it, but thank God there was some power. In the congregation was a man and wife that I had invited to go to meeting. They appeared to be interested, and invited me to go to supper with them. I did so, and took pains to plead with them to come to Jesus, and they went with me to the evening meeting, and, Glory to God! before they reached home they found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and they became faithful members of the church of God.

I had not told my convictions of duty as to preaching to the ministers in Birmingham; but one Good Friday, when I was thinking what I should do for Jesus, who had done so much for me, I felt constrained to write to the superintendent of the circuit, and tell him all my heart. He gave me appointments to preach in different places, and sent

local preachers to hear me, and they kindly criticised my efforts and reported them. Then I became a local preacher on trial, and began to preach frequently.

There was at one appointment a woman who loved to make remarks about young ministers, and their feelings were often hurt. In time I had to go to the same place, and I had a little of the fear of a woman; but I made it a matter of prayer, and the Lord gave me a complete victory, so that the mountain was no more than a mole-hill, and 'the mountains and hills broke forth before me into singing, and all the trees of the field clapped their hands.' I went out with joy, and was led forth with peace.' Glory to God!

After a year's probation and a rigid examination I was made a local preacher, and was in the pulpit nearly every Sabbath, and as the appointments were some miles away, I had to walk from five to seventeen miles on the Sabbath, and preach from one to three times; and I know one Sabbath I preached three times and walked seventeen miles. I was often so weary on Monday morning that I could hardly go about my work. Still

'I labored on at His command,
And offered all my works to him.'

One Saturday evening the superintendent asked me if I would preach in Newton Row the next

morning. This was a very large meeting-house, eighteen pews deep in the front gallery, and, beside, it was to take the place of Dr. Dixon, who was one of the best preachers in the whole of the English Conference, and who had been sick for some time, and it was difficult for the superintendent to find any supply. I told him if he would take the responsibility, I would go and do the best I could. He said he had spoken with the trustees, and they wanted me to come. I had just finished preparing a sermon on

Who hath also given unto us his Holy Spirit.' It was so plain to my mind that I preached it over on my way home that evening, and the next morning I wound my way up those pulpit stairs, and stood a boy of about twenty-one years in the place of the dear old minister of about seventy, who could preach as but few men could; but then I was in the path of duty, and 'lo, I am with you always' was found true that day, while I prayed, read the Scriptures, and preached upon the divinity, personality, and the offices of the Holy Spirit; it was a melting time with me, and there were tears in the congregation.

SPECIAL CONSECRATION AND ANSWER TO PRAYER.

One Saturday night I was praying and consecrating myself to God for any part of the work and for any portion of the time, and holding myself ready for anything, even willing to go to the heathen

world, yea, to Africa, which was called 'The white man's grave.' I rose from my knees and took up my Bible and opened to the thirty-seventh Psalm, and my eye fell upon the fourth verse, and I read with delightful astonishment, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.' This was so plain that it could not have been more so if God had spoken to me from heaven. But how was this to be? for I was in the factory from Monday morning till Saturday eve, and I saw no way to leave it; but I read in the next verse,

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' This was an answer to all my doubts. I committed it all to God, and waited for him to bring it to pass.

In a few months the superintendent of the Birmingham East Circuit spoke to me about joining the Conference, and wanted me to confer with Dr. Dixon about it. The Doctor said, 'Brother Davies, I should heartily concur in recommending you to the district meeting and to the conference; but there are so many young ministers on the list of reserve that you could not find work among us. How would you like to go to America? I have sent out a number of young ministers, and they are doing well.' This was a new thought, and I hardly knew what to say; but promised to tell him in a week. I read and prayed and inquired, and concluded it was

a providential opening, and that I would go. I had no father or mother or sister to consult, and but one brother, and he was too far away to reach, so I took counsel of my heavenly Father, and turned my face toward the great western continent. The Doctor wrote a letter to Bishop Janes in relation to me, but the answer did not arrive for months.

PREPARATIONS TO LEAVE HOME.

It was no small thing for me to go three thousand miles from home among strangers, and leave my dearest earthly friends, and especially to leave my mother's grave. Some of my friends said, 'You say how much you love us, and now you are going to leave us.' I answered, 'I do love you most dearly, but I love Jesus so much more, that where he appoints, I go.'

There was a ladies' private boarding-school under the care of Miss White, who belonged to our church, and was much concerned for the salvation of their souls. A number of them had found peace at my meetings, and at some social interviews that I had had at Mrs. Pye's, who was Miss White's class-leader, for I had met a number of them there at different times by special invitation.

I was a member of a Young Men's Improvement Society, and had profited by its association. When I decided to leave, they determined to give me some

token of respect. So at a special meeting I had a fine copy of 'The History of the Reformation' presented me, with complimentary remarks and good wishes.

Money and presents flowed in from the many friends God had given me, and thus God smiled on my enterprise, and the time drew near for me to take a long farewell of all my dear friends. At length I washed my hands from railway carriage building, and determined to trust God to sustain me in a foreign land by preaching. My foreman promised me an advance in wages, and told me I might be sorry for going to America, and wish myself at home again. But none of these things moved me from the path of duty, and the love of souls was so great, that I was willing to leave all and follow Christ.

My first forenoon after leaving my work was spent, by special invitation, at Miss White's boarding-school, where the Lord enabled me to lead eight or ten souls to Jesus, and they were happy in a Saviour's love. This was very encouraging. In the afternoon I was there again, talking with a class of the older scholars, and some of them were nearly as old as myself. I was then about twenty-one years of age. All these precious youths were led to the enjoyment of religion but one, and she was so stubborn that the teacher could hardly endure her.

Thus were nearly all the young people of that establishment sweetly saved, and the good work continued during the two weeks that I was lingering, after leaving my work, before starting for America. This blessed victory seemed to say to me, 'Fear not, the God who has so blessed your labors will continue to bless you, and has given you these souls to cheer you on your passage, and as the first fruits of the glorious harvest that awaits you.' And so it was, Glory be to God!

The day before I started for Liverpool Miss White told all the teachers that the school would have a holiday, and I had an invitation to go in at my pleasure, and how precious were those parting hours, and how sweet will be the grand reunion in 'the sweet by and by.' But these were only a few of the many loved ones that I had to leave; but at length I had taken a long farewell of all, even my only brother and family, and I found myself on the cars going to Liverpool.

I was a stranger here, and was it any wonder that after going down to the docks and engaging my passage, and thinking of the loved ones I had just left in Birmingham, and the strangers I was to meet in New York, that I was 'homesick?' And so far did this peculiar sickness prevail, that I could not pray it off in my closet; it followed me everywhere till I went into the sanctuary at Stanhope street, and

made my case known ; then they prayed for me, and God so wonderfully blessed me that I could see the Almighty holding the Atlantic in the hollow of his hands, and safely conducting me across ; then I had not the shadow of a fear, nor ever had all the way across.

I improved my Sabbath in Liverpool by attending prayer and class-meeting, preaching and Sabbath school, and, to close up, I had the blessed privilege of commemorating the death of the blessed Jesus. On Monday we were

‘ Out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.’

It was smooth sailing for a few days, but by and by old ocean began to roar and roll furiously. The tool-boxes were lashed, and the storm came on and men’s hearts failed them, and fear took hold of the poor timid women, and the waves and billows went over us ; but I opened my Bible to these words : ‘ The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me,’ and I told them I should get safe to New York if I had to go on two planks. The storm wore away and we were quiet, and by this time I had recovered from a fearful sea-sickness which was quite severe, and I was found distributing tracts and testaments among the passengers ; and the captain gave away some tracts, and then went round and cursed them, because they did not read them. Still he was

respectful to religious things, and kept good order on Sabbath while I preached on deck. The first mate was a kind of tyrant and seemed to delight in abusing some of the men, and actually one crew left him in Liverpool for this, and the vessel had to wait, while he gathered whom he could to sail with him, and as they were second-class men, he had to suffer for his cruelty, and still he told me in a calm on the 'Grand Banks,' that when he was at home he used to go to church and try to be a good man.

One passenger was a play-actor from London, intelligent and accomplished and sceptical. He was convicted of sin, and would try to pray, but was so far from God that he could hardly realize that there was a God.

I would often dream of home and friends, and it would seem so real, and I dreamed so often, that I actually dreamed that I was dreaming; that is, I would be so often disappointed when I woke up, that I would think in my sleep, 'Now this is no dream, this is real;' but when I awoke it was a dream.

Then I dreamed of New York and Brooklyn, and one night I saw it so plain that it looked just as it did that beautiful Sabbath morning in June, when I rode so splendidly up the harbor and anchored in the metropolitan city of America.

CHAPTER IV.

SAFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

'Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.'

It was blessed indeed to find myself again in the sanctuary, and to listen to the Rev. J. B. Wakeley and if he had known that I had been there, he could not have preached a more appropriate sermon. I listened and wept and rejoiced, and my soul was delighted to hear the choice choir singing,

'Oh for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
So did their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all.'

This was the very sentiment of my inmost soul, and the tune was very familiar. At the close, I showed Brother Wakeley my letters of introduction from Dr. Dixon to Bishop Janes, Dr. Bangs, and to Dr.

Stevens; also my official letter from the superintendent, and he kindly invited me home. I heard him again in the afternoon, and Dr. Foster, now a bishop, in the evening, and staid with Brother Wakeley all night, who introduced me to the preacher's meeting in the morning, and I soon found invitations enough to go and preach. Dr. Stevens was especially kind to me. The Lord reward him.

Bishop Janes was at the East Maine Conference, so I sent my letter to him, and he had made a promise to send me to Biddeford and Saco, Maine, as a missionary to both places, and to that spot I went; but not till I had spent two Sabbaths in Portland, and preached twice each day for Rev. Joseph Colby, now presiding elder, and Rev. Wm. McDonald, now vice-president of the National Camp-meeting Committee. The kindness and motherly treatment of Mrs. Colby will never be forgotten in time or in eternity.

The first afternoon in Portland I spent in part in the grave-yard, and as I read the tablets on one stone after another I thought of the grave of my mother so far away, and of the prospect of dying among strangers, and still I could rejoice in my tears that we should meet again at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet.

NEW TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS IN MISSIONARY WORK

Awaited me at my mission. I was inexperienced in the work, and found myself exposed in various ways, and that I needed a special preparation of divine grace for this special work. I went into my closet and threw myself on the floor, and gained the victory. I held my Sabbath meetings in a large hall, and the first Sabbath Rev. Thomas Greenhalgh was with me and preached. There was a poor widow in the congregation who had wandered from God, and said, 'Mr. Perry preaches to me every Sabbath, and I can take no peace. I will go and hear the new minister that has come to town, and so I shall have one day of quiet.' But there is no rest to the wicked. The Spirit of God pierced her heart, till she could not leave the prayer-meeting till she found peace. I found her, at the close of the meeting, so distressed, that we had to stop and pray for her, and she went home rejoicing. Glory to God! for one soul the first Sabbath.

I went from house to house during the week and scattered tracts, and visited the sick, and sometimes I would have a kind reception and sometimes a very unkind one. Still God gave me courage, and I pushed my way through. One poor woman abused with her tongue, but God sent it home to her heart, and soon she came to the meetings and confessed her

sins, and found pardon, and became a fast friend and good Christian.

There was one poor backslider who had stumbled at the ordinance of baptism, and was wretched indeed; unbelief settled upon her soul, and it was almost impossible to inspire hope. I made her case a special subject of prayer, and, after about three months, she went home one Sunday evening and sat so quiet that her backslidden daughter said, ‘Mother, what is the matter, didn’t you have a good meeting to-night?’

There was no answer; but soon she fell upon her knees, and began to cry for mercy in so much earnest, that the daughter joined her. The power of God was displayed; the daughter’s husband was slain, and they all found salvation. Another woman, fast bound in the fetters of unbelief, was graciously delivered, and died in the faith. And so the work went on.

HOLINESS MEETINGS.

My first Tuesday afternoon in America was spent in Dr. and Mrs. Palmer’s rooms, New York, in a holiness meeting, which was one of the richest luxuries of my life. How glorious to see so many people of different denominations telling the wonderful story of full salvation. Mrs. Palmer kindly took me aside, and gave me a copy of her excellent work

called 'Faith, and its Effects,' with a request that I should read it and lend it. So I determined to have holiness meetings, and I did so at a private house, and the very God of peace did sanctify wholly quite a number of his people, and the glory of God was revealed.

My Sabbath evening prayer-meetings were sessions of special labor and anxiety to me. The hall was large, and the attendance varied and promiscuous, and the help very uncertain; for the brethren from the other churches would fail to keep their promise to help, *i. e.* at times, and I would often stand comparatively alone to carry on the prayer-meetings on Sabbath evenings; but the Lord stood with me, and good was done. Many precious souls were converted during the season. Week-nights I would often go to Old Orchard Beach, and lecture in the school-house, and here the Lord saved souls. Also, at another school district two miles below Saco.

When it drew near to winter and the hall would require fire and lights, some faint-hearted ones were afraid of the expense, and they had an understanding with the presiding elder to secure a vote of the quarterly meeting to stop the mission, and take me away to labor elsewhere. So as soon as the motion was made he put the vote and declared it passed, before I had a chance to say anything, or had the

slightest intimation of it. This was as sudden as a lightning flash, and it crushed me tremendously.

On my way home a brother tried to comfort me. I told him 'I would go home and put that mission on the shelf where they would not touch it.' I meant that I would commit it so fully to God, that he would overrule their decision, for I felt that it was an expression of their needless unbelief. I cried unto the Lord in my distress, and he delivered me out of all my troubles. My special cry was, that God would give such a victory at the hall the next day, and especially the next night, in the salvation of sinners, that the presiding elder might be satisfied the mission should continue, and, Glory to God! this was the case; precious souls found Jesus, and the Spirit was poured out. So on Monday morning he thought I had better remain, and I did, and the good work continued through the year, and the very next quarterly meeting voted to continue the mission, and have one of the best ministers of the conference sent to carry it on.

So my faith was wonderfully increased by the experience of my first year's labors in a strange land. I had learned many useful lessons. I had lived in the family of Rev. Thomas Greenhalgh, who was one of God's mighty ministers who could pray till the heavens gave way, and preach till the powers of hell were shaken. He gave me many good lessons

about conducting meetings, and carrying on revivals. It was a kind Providence that put me under his care, and especially as he was formerly from England. So I was led along from conquering to conquer. All this was under the presiding elder, as I was too late to join the Conference. But I got my recommendation to join the Conference, and did so the next spring, and was appointed to

CORNISH,

About thirty miles from Portland, in a fine village with a small Methodist church, and the meeting-house out of repair. I found a good home in the family of Father Boynton, who, with his wife, has passed on to glory. The reformation began in the summer, and continued all the year. I was but a youth, and some seemed to look at me strangely, when I claimed the fulfillment of God's promises, especially an infidel doctor, and a sceptical farmer, and a backslidden lawyer, and the so-called Universalists, a part of whom were backsliders. But I held fast to the word of God, which was like an anchor to my soul.

About the first converts were two of the oldest of Brother Barnes's daughters, who rose so deliberately in the prayer-meeting requesting prayers, and, Glory to God, they found salvation, and one or both of them have passed on to glory. Soon the time

came round for the baptism of the converts, and some of them wished to go forward by immersion. This was new business for me, as I had never seen anything of the kind done in England, and but once, I think, in America. I was ordained deacon in the spring, as I had been a local preacher four years. So I had the right to baptize, but it seemed best to invite an old minister to perform the rite, and Rev. H. Linscott led them into the water, while Jesus baptized with the Holy Ghost. Others were converted and claimed the privilege, and I thought I might as well attempt to baptize myself. I did so, and God has blessed me in this ordinance ever since.

THE MEETING-HOUSE

Needed repairs. I appointed a meeting for the proprietors, and only about five were present. One of the oldest men of the church told me very earnestly that ‘he knew the people better than I did, that it was impossible to repair the church, and that I could not get enough together to do so.’ I simply replied, ‘The meeting-house would be repaired notwithstanding.’ So I took a subscription paper and went round and secured the promise of the pew-holders, and the house was repaired and painted, inside and out, and the bills all paid, and the Lord led me through the first church enterprise.

SOUTH HIRAM

Was noted for wickedness, and there was a host of young people who were hardly manageable in religious meetings. It was about three miles from Cornish, and I used to go there to lecture. One rainy night I started there, but it rained so hard that I returned, and spent the time in my closet praying and pleading for this place. Thank God! I prevailed; for just then and there God gave me the blessed evidence that I should see his salvation in that place.

The ringleader in sin among the young people was a backslider, and God afflicted him. The first time I called, he tried to shield himself in that refuge of lies called Universalism; but a few simple questions brought him to see the fallacy, when he confessed he had not read the Bible much of late, and was not prepared to answer me, but he would search the Scriptures. When I called again he was very sick, and after inquiring about his body, I found his spirit subdued; and when I asked him if he wanted me to pray with him, he replied, calmly, 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' This was quite encouraging. I poured out my heart before God for him, and was able to ask in faith. His aged mother said, 'God will answer that prayer, I know he will, for I felt it.' In a little while he confessed that though his bodily

pains were severe, yet they were nothing compared with the torments of his guilty conscience. He was made a special subject of prayer, found peace, and died in holy triumph, after calling all his relatives around him and securing a promise that they would meet him in heaven.

I commenced special meetings soon after the funeral. The Spirit was poured out, the whole community was shaken, sinners rushed forward for prayers, and the cries were in earnest, 'God be merciful to me,' and a multitude of strong witnesses were raised up to testify of him who is mighty to save ; among the rest a brother and sister of the departed. Strong men bowed before God, among whom was the father of eleven children, a backslider and hater of religion, who would not hear his children talk about it when they came home from the factory. He was trying hard to be a Universalist, but he told me after that he 'always had a doubt.' He became a strong man in the church, and died in sweetest peace while I was gone to Conference the next spring, after only a few days' sickness. His wife was among the converts, and her religion was a great consolation in her heavy affliction. She and another woman had some quarrel that had kept them from speaking together for a year. They both came forward for prayers, but neither found peace with God till they made peace with each other.

The revival spread into other school districts, and one Thanksgiving evening I went over to another school-house, and there I found a woman who was a supposed Universalist of the strongest kind, and her husband was of the same stripe; but that night she rose for prayers, and as soon as she stood on her feet the power of God fell on the congregation, and the reformation began in power. Her husband was fearfully provoked, and talked insultingly to me at the close of the meeting; but soon he joined his wife in the heavenly way, and they journeyed on to the land of rest after having served Satan for about sixty years each.

God continued to bless me through the year, and in the spring I

WAS MARRIED

To Miss Anna Shaw, of Standish, who was one of God's best gifts to me, just exactly what I needed in every respect. We were stationed at Scarborough, where we found a pleasant home, a host of kind friends, and God gave us a good class of converts. The meeting-house was repaired and painted inside and out. The parsonage was painted. I went to lecture at Old Orchard Beach, one of my old places, and in other directions, and some good was done, and I returned there the second year. When I had been there about sixteen months, my precious wife

was suddenly called away by the ruthless hand of death, and with her the dear little black-haired boy to which she had just given birth. This was sorrow upon sorrow, and my soul was crushed within me, and all my worldly prospects were cut off. With no relative of mine within three thousand miles, and wife's relatives not near, I had a lonesome home, and but for the consolations of religion I had sunk under the load. But this could do no good to the dead or to the living. So I continued my work till Conference, when I was stationed at Pownal, North Yarmouth, and Danville. About this time God gave me my present wife, daughter of Father Joseph Nason, of West Kennebunk, who is a faithful fellow-laborer in the Master's cause.

CHAPTER V.

CIRCUIT WORK.

‘If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave:
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall;
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.’

THE parsonage was in Pownal, but I had North Yarmouth below with a good meeting-house, and Danville above, all under my charge. Danville was well run down, and there was but little hope of success there in the minds of many, but a good Brother Grose came down to Pownal, and after hearing me preach he said I must go to Danville, that he would stand by me. So I went there a fourth of the time, though the rest of the circuit did not want me to go at all. It was a rough town and hilly, and some of the people living in the fields with gates to open to get to them, and the members were few and far between like angels’ visits; but faith laughed at impos-

sibilities and went to work. Beside most of the men in the church were democrats, and despised to have ministers say anything against their craft, and would be vexed with me at times, but would still follow the meetings, for they found that God was with us.

The meeting-house was in a sad condition; the foundation was giving way, and there was no steps to the door, and it seemed as though no one cared for it. But we put this in order, and God blessed us in doing so.

There was one of the selectmen who prided himself in being a Universalist, and made a mock of the Methodists for teaching the people that they must have a change of heart, and would love to get a young convert or a backslider by the hand and talk to them by the hour. He was also full of politics, and would talk till midnight if he could get any one to talk with. A number of his children came forward for prayers, and he felt it his duty to tell them to be good; but something kept knocking at the door of his heart and saying, 'Be good yourself.' Prayer went up to God for him, but I was careful not to pray for him in meeting so that any one could tell who I was praying for. I had but little faith.

At length God laid him on a sick-bed, and this brought him to his senses, and he began to realize the need of religion. I called to see him. He ap-

peared candid. I prayed for him, and left a New Testament for the children. That night he vowed to God, at the midnight hour, that if God would spare his life, he would become a Christian and pray in his family. The Lord knew he was sincere, and he was well enough the next morning to sit up and read the Testament. The eyes of his understanding were opened, and he read in the epistles of John about this new birth that he had despised, and said to his wife, 'I never understood the Bible in this way. The Testament Mr. Davies left here last night must be a missprint. Bring in the family Bible and let us compare them.' But he found they were both alike, and then he concluded that the change was in him; and so it was, and the next time I called, he came running across the floor and said, 'I am a new creature in Christ Jesus;' and so he was, a happy subject of the very blessing he had despised, and at once he went to the meetings and began to labor for Jesus with all his might. He made clean work of it, and gave up his tobacco, and set a good example for his numerous children. A number of his children were converted, and I have learned of one daughter who died in great peace while on a visit in Boston. Glory to God! Charles Cobb is still faithful. There were two families named Robinson, Charles and William, and they were backslidden members of the church. One of

them had lost a darling child, and his heart was tender, and I soon won him to Jesus. The other was so hardened that it was almost impossible to move him, but I committed him to God. A number of his children were saved, and we expected him. One day he was out in the barn, and he attempted to pray, but it seemed as though something rushed right down upon him and it almost drove him from his purpose ; but he recovered himself and said, 'That must be the devil ; I will pray.' He did so, and then went into the house and told his wife that 'it would not do to live so any longer, they must set up a family altar, and lead a Christian life ;' and that family became a heaven below. There was a Jordan family in the neighborhood, and the father and mother were Free-will Baptists, but weak in faith. I was holding meetings some two miles away, and God gave success. This dear father came down and requested prayers for his family and himself ; we prayed for him and his, and he prayed for himself, and in a little while all his family were saved that were old enough to experience religion, including one or two that were married.

The young people's dance-hall was broken up, and they requested me to hold a prayer-meeting in it. This reformation was in the region of Danville Junction, and the happy young people continued to walk in the light of God's countenance. Other

parts of the town were graciously favored, and in one part the young converts would go from house to house and hold prayer-meetings, and when there was no preaching at the meeting-house on Sunday, they would go into the woods and build a booth and hold meetings there. It was a gracious visitation for that town, and changed the history of the place, so that Danville became the most prosperous and heavenly-part of the circuit, although it was the most unpromising; and one young man, who was but a boy at that time, has become a minister and joined the East Maine Conference, Rev. C. E. Libby.

So that gleaning among the briers we found the 'heaviest wheat of all.' Glory! Glory! Glory to God, for the good work at Danville!

POWNAL

Was also blessed; the meeting-house was repaired, painted and papered, and quite a number were added to the society. There was a Sister Wescot who was a poor broken-hearted backslider, and, all discouraged, I found her in the meeting-house, and asked her to go forward for prayers. She thought it would be of no use. I asked her, 'If you were sure it would do good, would you go?' 'Yes.' 'Well, as sure as God is on his throne, and you are on your seat, it will do good. It will do you good, and it will do others good;' and rather than doubt

my word she went forward, the power of the Lord melting her heart. She became a happy saint and a faithful witness. Her daughter Hattie experienced religion, and died in the faith.

A SAD STORY.

There was one dark dispensation at Pownal that always pains my soul. There was a dear boy whose praying mother had gone to heaven, and whose praying father had tried to bring him up in the fear of the Lord. I talked with him about being a Christian and pressed him faithfully to give his heart to God. He frankly said, 'If I should experience religion, they would laugh me out of it in a week.' How sad to have such company. While his father was gone from home, he and his brother strayed away for miles to an auction. Coming home hungry and tired, they found a turnip field. They eat heartily of the turnips, and in Charlie's case it was a fatal meal. They never passed his bowels. Inflammation set in, medical skill was baffled, and poor Charlie was near eternity before I knew he was sick. I hastened to the house, and father conducted me to his bed; already his legs and arms were cold and could not be warmed. His conversation was still on worldly things, about going to a party a few months ahead with his old associates; not a thought about death or a preparation. Father says, 'Charlie,

Brother Davies has called to see you and is going to pray for you. What shall he pray for?' 'Oh, pray that I may get better.'

I bowed before God and prayed with all my heart that God would spare his life till he saved his soul. I had to go some six miles to a lecture that night, but sent for Mrs. Davies to come and stay with the afflicted family. I hastened back, hoping to see him alive, at least, but alas! alas! cruel death had done his work before I reached the house. Just before he died he woke up and cried out, 'O father, I am dying!' 'Are you prepared?' said the dear, old man who had prayed so long for him. 'No,' said the dying boy, and it is to be feared that the dear boy passed the bounds of probation, and entered the world of destiny all unprepared. Wife says that his eyes looked so wild and his countenance so fearful, that they all stood back almost in horror, and the dear old father had to go up and close those eyes.

The Lord deliver me from ever attending another such funeral. There sat his wicked associates, and not a tear did they shed over him who said, 'If he had religion, they would laugh him out of it in a week.' Let my youthful readers keep away from all such company as would not rejoice to have you become Christians. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' 'A companion of fools shall be destroyed.' 'My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.'

I secured a good gravestone for Charlie's grave, and had it placed where all could read, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.'

NORTH YARMOUTH

Was a good part of my charge, and there were some five families, especially a Brother Ammi Loring, who was all wheat, and though he dressed as plain as a farmer, yet he was worth a good deal of this world, and he was ready to communicate for every good work; and a hard time the ministers would have had, but for the generous aid of Brother Ammi and his family. Other families did nobly according to their means.

There was a Mrs. Davis who was a member of the Congregationalist church who came forward for prayers one night, and was in earnest to find her lost treasure, but despair had almost possessed her. I called at her house with my wife to stay all night, and spent hour after hour striving to excite a hope in her, but in vain. I was about to leave the next morning, without her finding salvation, but I took up the word of God and opened to Romans, 10th chapter, and read, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' 'There sister,' said I, 'that is for you, take that

promise and dwell upon it all day. Go right on about your work, but still keep repeating this promise over, and the blessing will come.'

'But what does it mean?' said the dear woman.

'It means that you shall believe in your heart that God accepted the atonement that Christ made for sinners, and manifested that acceptance by raising him from the dead. Do you believe that?'

'I do.'

'Then will you be willing to confess Christ before the world if he will forgive you?'

'I will, surely.'

'Then go right on about your work and keep repeating this text over and over, and God will save.'

She did so till about the middle of the afternoon, when, standing at the sink in the back-room, joy and peace sprang up in her heart, and she was saved of God, and has been going on her way rejoicing ever since.

As wife and I left the house that morning, we called on two sisters and a brother who were keeping house together. One of the sisters was vexed with me for talking to her about religion on the camp-ground, and vowed she would not come in the room where I was; but as the house was small, and we were going to stay to dinner, she had hard work to keep her pledge. So she came into the room, but sat afar off; and we began to talk about different

things, and at length about religion. The Holy Ghost touched her heart. She fell upon her knees, we prayed, and she found Jesus precious before we sat down to dinner. She maintained her profession, and when her feet touched the chilly waters of death the blessed Jesus was with her, whom she found so suddenly at home that morning.

The saddest thing at North Yarmouth was two superannuated ministers, who were so jealous of each other that they could not bear to see each other prosper. They were good men, and well beloved except in this regard. God bless them, and help them so to live that they will not be ashamed to see each other in heaven.

The meeting-house was painted outside, an excellent tent was secured for the camp-ground, and a general good interest prevailed through the two years on this circuit, and I left in good spirits for another field.

MISSIONARY BAPTISM.

While stationed at Pownal, I learned that fifty young men were wanted for missionary work. This stirred my soul, to think that they could not find the men. I had always felt the missionary fire burning in my soul. So I went into my closet, and deliberately gave myself to Jesus, to do his will in this regard, and God so baptized me with missionary zeal that I

would gladly have carried my family on my wings, if I could, and have found my way to India. Just then Dr. Butler and family were in the mountains, hiding from the savage Sepoys, in the time of the awful rebellion. I was married to India, and would gladly have laid down myself for the salvation of that people. My presiding elder wrote to Bishop Janes, and the bishop told me that he expected to send out twenty missionaries to India that year, and that I should probably be among them. I am still in this land, but the missionary fire yet burns. Though God took the will for the deed in relation to India, all his ways are just and true.

‘ Oh that the world might haste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that comfort me
Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!’

CHAPTER VI.

STILL IN THE ITINERANCY.—GOING TO BIBLICAL
INSTITUTE.

BETHEL

Was my next field of labor, situated on the Androscoggin river, and the 'Grand Trunk Railroad' ran through it. It is a rich farming town with mountains and hills in great variety. The Methodist church was scattered all over the town, and the preaching was in a hall over the store at one place, in a school-house at another, and in an old meeting-house at Bean's Corner, and the parsonage was three miles from the post-office, academy, and railroad. These were all at

BETHEL HILL,

Where the Methodist people once owned a parsonage and two acres of land; but in an evil hour they sold it and gave up the ground. The Congregationalists came in and built a meeting-house and main-

tained preaching all the time. The Universalists came in, built a meeting-house and maintained preaching all the time, and we only had a few poor members there with one rich man, who was worse than poor, whose name was Davis. This rich Methodist man's daughter came on a visit in the neighborhood of the parsonage, attended our meetings, and found peace with God, and said, 'I wish we could have class-meetings on Bethel Hill.' I said, 'We can,' for I had been praying that God would give me a place to stand on in that spot. I appointed class-meetings in a private house, and the ladies began to form a sewing society, and soon they said, 'We must have a meeting-house.' A subscription paper was started, and about seventeen hundred dollars subscribed from different parts of the town.

But everybody asked me 'what Brother Davis had signed,' as they thought he would sign freely, being a local elder in the church. But he would not sign anything, and one day he looked over my paper and said, 'These promises are not worth one thousand dollars, and besides, you cannot get a committee to go forward and build a house on such promises.'

I felt that he ought to be rebuked, and I said, 'Brother Davis, you have already hurt that house more than you will ever help it, but we shall build the house notwithstanding.'

I went home fully determined to carry out my purpose. I awoke early the next morning and started to secure my committee, and before noon I had the committee of responsible men all safe, and the house was started.

The location was elegant, with land enough for a parsonage, and the preacher finally moved there and preached in one place all the time ; and so we raised our meeting-house and secured our congregation, notwithstanding two other societies had taken possession after we ingloriously left.

Before this meeting-house was finished, I felt it my duty to go with my family to the

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, OR BIBLICAL INSTITUTE,

At Concord, N. H. Here I found good teachers,—a spirit of holiness,—a missionary spirit,—and here for three years I sat at the feet of Professors Vail, Merrill, and Patten. I took the whole course, including Hebrew and Greek, and graduated in a class of about sixteen in June, 1863, at the age of thirty-three years.

I found plenty of work to do among the younger students who went out to preach nearly every Sabbath. Some said, ‘Come and baptize some converts for me next Sabbath ;’ another, ‘Come and administer the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper ;’ another, ‘Come and help me in a protracted meeting, we are in a hard place ;’ and so I kept going.

Not far from Manchester there was a wicked place ; a praying few had struggled hard, but no revival. Meetings were decided upon, and I was called to help. I began to talk soon after I got there with a minister's son whose father was in glory, and he pledged to become a Christian. The meetings opened and the powers of hell defied. Faith held on with steady grasp ; a few brands were pulled out of the fire, and we still toiled on. The minister was called away to bury his father in New York, and I had to take charge. The Lord helped ; other brethren came to the rescue ; we went from house to house ; one young woman came forward for prayers the first meeting she attended, but lived so far off that she could not come again. I borrowed a team of a kind Congregationalist family and went to see her, and she found peace in a few minutes after I explained the simple way of faith.

I had to go and preach at New Bedford, Mass., one Sabbath, and I wanted the burden to be rolled upon some other, and a sure evidence that the work would go on. Five of us bowed in family prayer one night ; we all prayed ; faith increased. We all prayed again, and before we rose from our knees our prayers were answered ; we had the evidence, and by faith could see the glorious work going on and bringing in the masses to Jesus.

I went away the next morning, but the work

went on, and there was a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and I went back and followed it up, and the wickedest men the town could afford were brought to Jesus. About twelve men and their wives joined the class with many others, and so Jesus gained a mighty victory.

SUNCOOK

Was only a few miles below Concord. Here Rev. S. Green preached. I went to help him, and the good work went on gloriously. I found an old man at the depot one morning who had been to meeting, and felt his need of religion, and the tears stood in his eyes as I talked with him, and I promised to call at his house. I found him reading the Bible, and much in earnest to be a Christian, but utterly blind as to salvation by faith. God helped me to make it plain, and his heart believed while his mouth confessed. 'But what shall I do to-night when I go to meeting?' said the dear old man.

'Trust in Jesus, and confess him to the people.'

'But what shall I do to-morrow?'

'Still trust in Jesus.'

Soon after the meeting opened the old man rose and testified for Jesus in the simplest way. This did him so much good, that he spoke again before the meeting closed, and went on his way rejoicing.

God made me so useful in going from house to

house, that Brother Green said I ought to make that my special business. I could take a poor backslider, and help and encourage and pray for him, till he would find peace before I left him.

ALLENSTOWN

Was near to Suncook, and Brother W. M. Ayres, one of the students, was in charge. I went to help him in the spring, and a blessed work of grace broke out. The ungodly had heard of me and were afraid, and kept out of my way somewhat.

There was a noble woman who took the lead in society, but was still without Christ; but she opened her door for me to enter, and God set the word home upon her heart, and soon she found salvation. This gave character to the work. I found one poor man in the mill, and I told him Jesus wanted to make him rich. He listened while I told him of the treasures of heaven, and the mansion that Jesus would give him. He was a wicked, drinking, and swearing man; but Jesus touched his heart, and he became an earnest and devoted Christian. His enemies said he would not stand his temperance effort through haying time, but 'Glory to God!' he stood firm.

There was a backslider who was determined not to yield, and not to let me talk to her; but her prejudices melted away enough to have me board in the

family, and I used to pray in my closet, and often aloud, and I would remember her. She would listen to my earnest prayers for her by standing near the door. After a while I did not pray for her, at least so she could hear me, though I did not know she was listening. This troubled her, for she thought I had given her up, and now she would be lost, and she began to pray for herself, and became a faithful worker for Jesus.

There was a young woman who kept going forward for prayers, and turning aside so many times that there seemed to be no principle to her. One day I told her 'I should say no more to her, but just let her alone.' This cut her heart. I let her alone, but she had no rest till she found Jesus. Afterwards she said, 'O Mr. Davies, never tell anybody else that you have no more to say to them, you don't know how bad I felt.' I replied, 'That was just what I did it for.' And I am satisfied that a good letting alone is the best kind of medicine for some cases.

We moved the meeting to the town-house, and the blessed work went on. Glory to God! It was only yesterday that I met the same Brother Ayres in Boston, and we referred to the good work at Allens-town, and I was glad to learn that God has converted of late one hundred souls in his charge at Ware, about seventy-five miles from Boston.

WARNER

Was given me as a field of labor, and I removed my family there, and a blessed revival was given. The little church was gloriously encouraged and built up.

There was one young lady whose parents were dead who became a true Christian, and gave some most decided testimonies for Jesus, still she was affected with the doctrine of Universalism, and would always stop singing when we came to the lines

‘ Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.’

She had formed an acquaintance with a young man who feared not God. She was induced, in every way, to give him up, assured that it would ruin her to become his wife; but nothing could avail, she would leave her father’s house to which she was heir, and went away with this young man, endured everything, and finally died in an attic in one of the large cities, actually ruined through her folly. Still I believe she died trusting in Jesus.

I worked exceedingly hard in this place, and kept up my studies in the class, returning to Concord on Monday morning, and to Warner on Saturday.

I have not space to tell of the good done at Concord in a dwelling-house, or at East Concord in a chapel, or of many other places where God blessed

my labors while I was at Concord Biblical Institute. God bless the dear people of New Hampshire, who allowed me to labor among them, and who treated me so well.

As to the matter of support, many of them could afford to pay but little; but I carried my family through the three years by spending six hundred dollars more than I received, and that was cheap enough compared with the mighty good it did me to just learn how to preach, and not to kill myself. As I will record that it is my solemn conviction that I should have been a superannuated minister, or in my grave, with the labor I have performed since then, if I had not learned of the teachers of elocution how to preach without exhausting myself. I will say, that after listening to the instructions of Rev. C. Munger on elocution (of the Maine Conference) and of the National Camp-meeting Association, I could preach three sermons with the same amount of labor that two required before. And I am satisfied that twenty-four hours' practice, with a good teacher on vocal culture, would save many a useful minister from bronchitis and from premature uselessness; and if the usefulness of such men can be preserved for any length of time by this exercise, can any man be justified if he does not take it, if it is within his reach? Besides, if he cannot secure a teacher, he can practice himself with 'Russel's

Vocal Culture' and 'Pulpit Elocution,' which books cannot even be read without profit.

So my years at the institute passed by

'Betwixt the mount and multitude,
Doing and receiving good.'

As the time drew near for me to leave, I began to think what part of the field Jesus wanted me to cultivate. At the watch-meeting, before I graduated, I had made a new consecration of myself before God for any part of the work, for any length of time. The very next day I heard of the need of ministers in East Maine, and I said, 'I'll go,' and wrote to Rev. Ammi Prince, presiding elder, and in due time I joined the Conference and was stationed at

SHEEPSCOT BRIDGE,

in New Castle, about fifteen miles from Bath. Here was an excellent parsonage and people, but a poor, miserable Union meeting-house, and for years the Congregationalists would neither buy or sell. So the years passed on and they would not repair the house together. We secured about fifteen hundred dollars on a subscription paper, but the time to build was not yet.

I told the boys at Concord that I was 'going to East Maine, and that I was going to have a reforma-

tion wherever they sent me.' This was as plain to my mind as noonday before I left Concord.

Things looked discouraging for any immediate success, but I applied my mind and heart in every way to bring it about. Still but few attended the evening meetings, as the evenings were short and the farmers were busy. Still

'Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done.'

Soon after I reached the place I was taking supper at Brother Rufus Stevens', who was one of the class-leaders. Right opposite me sat his noble son, Harrison, who had just come home from attending school at Kent's Hill. I looked at him and loved him, and wanted him for Jesus. He was a young man of good habits, of strong physical frame, and fine mind.

After supper I asked him to take a walk with me, and we talked about his studies, etc., and then about religion, and I found him very candid and somewhat tender, and before we parted he promised me he would be a Christian. In a few weeks he gave his heart to God, and was a zealous worker for Jesus. He continued his studies, and soon found out that God had called him to the work of the ministry;

and he began to hold meetings around Kent's Hill at different places, and to preach according to his ability; but alas, his massive frame gave way by being out late nights, and walking so many miles; and, following his studies so hard he broke down; was brought home, and was near his end. Still he was full of interest to do something for God and his fellow men, and told Sister Benjamin Donnel that he 'knew God had work for him to do somewhere, and if not in this world, it would be in the next;' and so he died, having enjoyed religion about two years, and the blessing of entire sanctification a good part of the time.

'Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.'

Brother Houdlette had a daughter who had been near the gates of death, and did not wish to see a minister; was raised up to health, still without interest in religion, and shunned every approach on the subject. She was a source of great anxiety to the mother and father. One day I stood by the meeting-house wondering which way I should go. I looked toward Brother Houdlette's, and the Spirit said, 'Go over there and talk with Carrie.' I started across the field, and met Carrie going into the orchard after apples. She gave me one of those sig-

nificant looks that indicated a fight if I attempted to talk to her. I went into the house, and she kept in the distance ; but at length we got into conversation and she tried every way to get me away, but the same Spirit that sent me stood with me, till in about one hour and a half she consented to kneel down as a subject of prayer ; but she said afterward, she only did it to get rid of me. But my faith claimed her for Jesus, and after a mighty conflict with that contrary spirit that seemed to possess her, it was cast out, and she sat at the feet of Jesus, sweetly saved, clothed and in her right mind. Hallelujah ! Soon after this her mother died suddenly. Carrie had the care of the family, and needed all the comfort and strength that religion could give, and would often say to me, ‘What should I do without religion now?’ She remains an active and consistent worker for Jesus. The reformation broke out in a few weeks after I got there, and the meetings were so interesting that we kept them up every night through haying-time, and one night they prayed till daylight.

I went up to Jefferson, and souls found Jesus there. I went to what was called

MUNSEY TOWN,

Where Satan had his seat, and was undisturbed for many years. Drunkenness and worse sins prevailed,

and one minister went with a doctor to make calls, and sat in the carriage while the doctor went to see the sick.

We held our first meeting at Mr. William Chaney's. I preached as tenderly as possible on the death of Jesus, and two young women rose for prayers. This encouraged me to go again. Father West and his two married sons were all drunkards, and the old man was a backslider. Glory to God! they were all saved, and became good husbands and fathers and devoted Christians, and remained so.

One poor consumptive could not go to the meetings, but God converted him at home, and he was the first to go to heaven from that place. There was a Mr. Greenleaf who had served Satan for fifty years, and was a great worldling. The Lord opened his eyes and showed him the crown of life, and he started in the heavenly race in glorious earnest, and so did his oldest daughter.

There was a Jackson family that hardly knew how to be kind enough to the minister who had led their adopted daughter to Jesus, and a backslidden father and two sons. God bless them, and bring them through to glory! There was a Chaney family with nine or ten children, where the father and four or five of the children were converted. The whole character of the community was changed, and I called it by the name of 'Paradise,' and so it is called to this day, and so it ought to be. I worked

so hard that I was almost sick. I had a cold. Wife prevailed on me to rest in the afternoon, hoping to keep me in in the evening, but my appointment was at Paradise, and I felt that I must go. I wrapped up and walked two miles and got into a sweat, was careful about the drafts in the meeting, was graciously blessed, returned home better in body and soul.

I secured me a horse and wagon, and the good people of Paradise bought me a good sleigh, that is in my possession now, and in good order and style. My first horse was good, but hardly suitable. I knew but little about exchanging horses, and thought of taking some man with me; but it occurred to me that God was my guide, and I prayed to him, and he went with me, and in a few hours I returned with the very horse I needed, and which has carried me so many thousands of miles, and is in excellent condition to-day after eight years good service. I only mention this to show that God will direct in temporal things if we only trust him.

We had a glorious reformation near the town-house in New Castle. I hope to see many in heaven from that region. One promising young man and a Christian from that region fell into a hole with a scythe in his hand, and so cut himself that he died in a little time; but Jesus stood with him, and he went the nearest way to glory.

CHAPTER VII.

‘Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord;
Bid all the world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And he condemned who won’t believe.’

DAMARISCOTTA MILLS

Was placed under my care the second year at Sheepscoot Bridge. It was about five miles away, and made me much travel. I held a great many meetings there, and had some precious converts; but the mass of the people were so unstable that I could not prevail on them to be faithful. But thank God for a few stable ones.

Sister Lincoln kept a minister’s home, and had a daughter called Sophia. She stood firm against religion till one night I preached on ‘Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock,’ etc. The truth entered her heart; she was invited

to come forward for prayers by her teacher ; she was soon at the anxious seat crying for mercy, and not in vain. She was true to her profession, and found her need of religion in a very trying hour.

Her oldest brother, Benjamin, was in the army at this time, in the trenches around Richmond. Many prayers were offered for him. God spared his life, and converted his soul after he returned home. His father was dead, and he was the hope of the widow, being the oldest of a large family.

Sophia had gone to work at Augusta. Bennie was working in the saw mill. One day he had read his Bible, and left it open in his room, and committed himself to God. By some means he fell against the saw and was so fearfully cut asunder that he lived but a little while, and so that dear widow was deprived, so suddenly and mysteriously, of her dear Bennie, her joy and hope. A messenger was dispatched to Sophia ; but God's Spirit is the swiftest messenger, and that dear daughter knew that Bennie was dead. The whole thing had passed before her mind while at work in the mill. She was so distressed she could not work. As soon as she saw the face of the man that carried the message she said, ' I know what you are coming for, Bennie is dead.' How we are to account for this is another thing, but the fact is undeniable. Let some student of mental philosophy solve the problem.

Rev. Horace Bray lived at his wife's mother's at Sheepscot Bridge, and, as far as health would allow, was a good helper in every good work. He had just come back from the army, and had the chronic diarrhœa, but was spared to labor a year or two at Sheepscot after I left. His giant mind was too large for his frail body, and his days were numbered. I was with him when he died at Thomaston. He had a son named for him, who now lives with his namesake in purer climes.

The Donnel family were the oldest supporters of Methodism at Sheepscot. Father Donnel moved to Alna on purpose to make a home for the Methodist ministers who should labor at Sheepscot Bridge and the region around, and the whole family delighted to be doing good as they had opportunity, and God had prospered them so that they could do much. How many of God's dear ministers will remember the Donnel family with delight, yea, they will be held in everlasting remembrance. A servant man or woman could not live in that family three months without being converted. The oldest daughter of the son Benjamin experienced religion while I was there, and joined the church. Her mother was a choice spirit, and experienced the blessing of entire sanctification in our tent at camp-meeting.

My two years on this charge were among the most pleasant and prosperous I ever spent, or ever

expect to. They have since sold out the Union house to the Congregationalists; have built a most excellent meeting-house near the parsonage, with circular pews, organ, vestry, and a tall spire pointing heavenward, with a dove on the top of it, indicating that peace has come to the place. Each church has a house of worship of their own. Rev. C. L. Haskell rendered efficient service as pastor while the church was building. The repeated reformations gave the Methodists the advanced position, and the mass of the people attend that meeting now.

ROCKLAND,

On the Penobscot bay, was my next field of labor. The Methodist society was very low. Their central class-meeting was held in a small room, yet it was large enough. The ministers went round and lectured in each others' churches on Sunday evenings, and shut the rest of the churches up. I was constrained to break away from this arrangement, and to have my Sunday evening prayer-meeting, which ought always to be the best meeting in the week. It was a bold push to open a house of eighty pews to the public with so small a church to help; but duty must be done, asking no questions. The people came out, the little church rallied, and God blessedly revived his work, and the reformation

continued all the year. The Baptist church had an active pastor, and he gathered in new converts. The Universalists had one of the ablest men in the State, who drew the masses, when he would try to reason away the force of God's word in relation to future punishment. Still our congregation was good, especially Sabbath evenings. The prospect of support was poor when I went there, and one of the leading men said, they were hardly prepared to support a minister, as so many Baptists and Congregationalists had gone back to their own meetings, who went to ours the year before when they had no preacher. This was also true of a number of Universalists. But they made out a good support, and gave me a number of presents.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

Simeon Blood was a jeweler, perhaps the best in the city. He was a backslider, but a regular attendant on public worship. The truth of God was applied by the Holy Ghost to his heart, and he found his way to the mercy-seat, and was a strong convert. He joined the church, and stood faithful till, in a few years, God took him home by a lung fever. His wife was one of the converts, and stood faithful to her trust. I shall not soon forget how much of a cross it was for her to go forward in baptism, by immersion, as she was subject to the heart

disease ; but she would do her whole duty, and was greatly blessed therein.

There was Brother Howard, a former class-leader, all backslidden, but God restored him, and sanctified that sweet voice, till he became again one of the sweet singers in Israel. His son found peace, lived for Jesus awhile, and then died in sweet peace of consumption.

One of the first unconverted persons I talked with was the youngest daughter of ——— at ———. She was an accomplished lady at the piano or organ, and played sometimes for one church and sometimes for another, but still without religion. She was very kind, and well beloved by a large circle of friends. She was very respectful to religion, and I expected she would be the first one to join the praying band. She belonged to my Sabbath-school class, and was a hopeful case ; still she delayed. In the fall of the year her mother was taken sick, and seemed nigh unto death. Just then this daughter was taken sick, but we all expected it would be slight, and that she would rally. No anxiety was felt, not a word was said to her about religion, not a prayer in particular was offered for her. Without a mother's care she grew worse till congestion of the lungs set in, and in a little while her spirit entered the eternal world, and all the hope we could indulge of her safety was, that she sung some

beautiful verses just before she died. God is merciful, and we will hope for the best. But take warning ye neglecters of God,—

‘No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.’

It was a trying scene to stand up and address the multitude that came to her funeral, with a Catholic priest on one side and an Episcopal minister on the other, a mother afflicted in body and soul, who would have given a thousand worlds to have had the assurance that her daughter was safe in heaven. Forty carriages, filled with people, followed her to her grave, showing the deep hold that she had upon the public mind, and the above ministers were there out of respect, because she used to play on the organs in their churches when they needed her services.

Her father had been the subject of many prayers, but would hardly allow any one to talk with him about religion; but when God took his idol, the daughter of his old age, it broke him down; and soon after I met him in the parlor of his son, and I asked him,—

‘Mr. ———, don’t you feel your need of religion?’

‘I do.’

‘Are you willing to kneel down here while I pray for you?’

‘I am.’

We bowed in prayer. God helped me to pour out my heart before him. The Spirit of God touched his heart, and he vowed to God while on his knees that he would be a Christian. That night in the school-house he rose for prayers, and God had mercy upon him and forgave the sins of sixty years, and made him one of his happy children. He has remained a happy, cheerful old man, and realized that his last days are the best of his life, and that

‘’Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live.’

And he also realizes that

‘’Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.’

Almost everybody was surprised and delighted to see ——— a Christian, as he had taken so little interest in such things before, and quite a number of his neighbors started with him to glory.

There was a Mrs. Vesta Payson that lived near the church, a noble, kind-hearted woman. I called

there one day and talked with her about being a Christian. She began to attend our meetings and said, 'I was the first minister that ever called upon her since she was married.' She became a true Christian and stood firm, experienced the blessing of entire sanctification, and was one of the most faithful members of the church. She was afflicted with a drinking husband, and alas! alas! in an evil hour she went out and drowned herself, somewhere in Camden, and was found in a small stream. A sad end to such a good woman. 'Lord, deliver us from temptation.'

At the close of the prayer-meeting, one evening, I told the church to pray God to send some one to the class-meeting to seek religion, as a pledge that he would carry on the revival. It was a rainy night, but I took pains to open the vestry and ring the bell. There was a great restlessness in the soul of Capt. Perry that afternoon. He hardly knew what ailed him, yet he felt that he was a great sinner, and wanted to go to some meeting. He seldom went to the Methodist meetings, but he felt so wretched that he was glad to go anywhere. He asked his backslidden father-in-law 'if he thought there would be any meeting that night.' He rather thought not; but when he heard the bell ring, he thought 'Now there will be a meeting and I will go.'

When I reached the vestry, I saw a stranger round the stove, and before I could go through the

opening ceremony he rose up and said, 'he was so distressed that he could not rest, and wanted us to pray for him.' This was like good news from a far country, and we bowed at once in prayer. God came to his relief, and we were sure it was the will of God that the good work should go on.

Brother Perry became a pillar in the church, and he is one of the stewards. His wife found peace, and they walk on in the light of the Lord. Peace be with them, and the whole Israel of God! The Lord gave me converts enough in Rockland to make a good church, with plenty of material for stewards, class-leaders, etc.

Rev. George Pratt followed me at Rockland, and did all he could to keep the converts faithful and push forward the reformation. During his term of service the old church was torn down, a very fine edifice was built, and a glorious revival crowned his labors toward the close of the third year. Brother Pratt was so far involved in building the meeting-house, and in securing funds to pay for it, that the Conference requested the bishop to appoint him financial agent for the church, so that he could return the fourth year. Rev. S. D. Wardwell has done excellent service in carrying the work forward since Brother Pratt left.

I had a blessed time in visiting that church a few weeks ago, and it was a great blessing to my soul to

meet my old friends that I had toiled so hard for, and to find them still pressing forward. God bless them forever! I was much rejoiced to find that the Reformed Club reformation had done so much for the city, and that the noble man, Mr. Payson, I referred to, had been reformed, and took charge of the Sabbath evening temperance meeting.

The Lord only knows how much joy it affords a pastor to find the dear people who had been so blessed under his labors still looking to Jesus. I shall never forget my visit to Brother Howard's. His devoted wife could not go to the meetings, but she cried for joy to have me sing and pray for her, and we rejoiced greatly at the prospect of meeting again in heaven, and especially their dear son who had gone before to the land of rest.

'We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore by and by.'

The favors of some precious friends, whose names are in the book of life, will never be overlooked by him who is faithful to reward a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple.

CHAPTER VIII.

‘God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his foot-steps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.’

UNION

Was the next field of labor, a very fine and flourishing farming town, about fifteen miles from Rockland. The parsonage was small but convenient, the people were kind but scattered, and the church had the misfortune to be a mile from the village, so that it was difficult to hold evening meetings. But it was in the country, quiet and healthy, and I had a large garden to work upon, and soon began to improve in health and enjoyed myself well.

A few months after I moved, the good people of Rockland came up and made me a visit, and a happier people could scarcely be found than the twenty or thirty that poured into my door-yard and filled up my house. A blind man was among the rest, and was just as happy as any of us, although he could

not see, and had his membership in another church. Father Ware and family lived about half a mile from the parsonage. By rigid industry and prudent economy Father Ware had secured a competency of this world's goods, and through the grace of God he was willing to spend the interest of it for the cause of Christ, and he and his only son, Erastus, paid about one-third of the expenses of the church.

It was refreshing to hear the dear old man get up and tell how much he loved Jesus, and to see the tears run down his cheeks. He was one of God's noblemen. I shall never forget the morning when I was short of money, or had a payment to make, how the old man came up to the parsonage and handed me a twenty dollar bill.

He has passed on to glory, but gave away some six thousand dollars to various causes, beside making provision to help the church at Union by an invested fund.

Sister Ware deserves a share of the credit, for she was a fellow helper in both saving and giving, and Brother Ware had never saved or given so much, but for his prudent and generous wife.

Erastus, the only son, was a hard-working, honest, and generous soul, and walked in the light of full salvation, and was my right-hand man in every good work, as far as his health would allow. Seldom has

it been my lot to find a better family than this simple, prudent, godly family of Father Ware.

NORTHPORT CAMP-GROUND

Was the place where this society annually went to camp-meeting. Their tent was small and unsuitable. We called a meeting, and after some discussion we determined to build a wooden tent and shingle it and put in windows. I was put on the building committee, bought the material, collected the money, and paid the bills for a tent 17x40, a good cook-room, and a chamber over one-half of the tent. This was the first boarded tent ever put up in the State of Maine on a camp-ground, and we called it our 'Centenary Tent,' as it was erected in our centenary year 1866. We sold it out in shares to different families, and it was exceedingly convenient in the storms, and saved a vast amount of work.

This tent was one of the greatest blessings to this society. Some of the farmers were so worldly that they thought they could not go to camp-meeting, and were sure they could not go up to work upon the tent; but when they had worked on the tent they thought they must go to the meeting. So they conquered their worldliness, and got their souls blessed. We came home all interested in religion, started some meetings, and had a blessed work of grace.

NORTH UNION

Was a strong hold of Methodism, and it pleased God to save quite a number of souls up there. Our meetings were held in a hall, and a good Sabbath school was held there except in the winter. There were also some of the sweetest cases of entire sanctification, especially in the Messer family.

While at Union I had plenty of time for study, and improved a good deal of time in writing; and in looking over my sermon list, I find a good many of my best sermons were written there. These are very useful to me now, as I am in the evangelical work, and have but little time to study; and it is a consolation to me now to have improved my time when I had it, and thus I was unconsciously preparing myself for my life-long work.

I also wrote several books, 'Juvenile Life of Bishop Asbury,' which has not been published. Also, a manuscript that I sent to Cincinnati, that I have never heard of since. Also, a book of anecdotes which may never see the light. My 'Believer's Hand Book,' which has passed to its fourth edition, was prepared for the press here, although the substance of it was written while at Sheepscot Bridge. So my two years in that excellent country charge was not in vain.

LIFE INSURANCE.

When at Union, an insurance agent offered to give me twelve per cent discount on my first payment on a policy of life insurance. I thought I ought to make suitable provision for my family, so I took a policy of fifteen hundred dollars. I afterwards became acquainted with the general agent, who offered me the whole commission on all the risks I would secure for life insurance. I began to look round and found a few. This became a source of income and helped to pay up my own premium, and if I had stopped at that it might have been well; but I became interested in the business, and when I moved to Dresden, on the Kennebec river, I took quite a number of risks in Richmond, Bowdoinham, and Brunswick. I found it was gaining upon me, and,—shall I write it? Yes, I will,—I was tempted to give my whole time to it. Agents of different companies found I was successful, and would have given me a large salary to go into the business altogether.

I say I was tempted; the offer was before me of a competency of this world's goods; of a home of my own, well supplied, and hell on the end of it. I saw the gulf; but, thank God, I shrunk from it.

While in this business, how I honored the ministers who kept to their ministry strictly, and how I realized that five dollars earned in the work of the ministry, by a minister, was better than fifty dollars

earned outside. Still, I would do up my work quick on my charge, take an early train and go to a place, take one or more risks, and return home time enough for the evening meeting, and sometimes I would stay away all night. I insured a number of ministers, giving them my commission. This was well for them, and they have thus put a guard around their homes.

DRESDEN,

As a town, had seen better days than when I was appointed there. The lumber had been cut off; the mill had rotted down; there was no manufacturing establishments; money was scarce, and the business was farming. Still the markets were near, and they sold large quantities of hay. It lies along the shore of the Kennebec river, and is about eight miles below Gardiner. The Methodists have two meeting-houses, one of which was thoroughly repaired and painted, inside and out, while I was there.

BLYNN HILL

Has a chapel on it belonging to the Methodists, and was a good place to hold meetings, and we had a glorious reformation there on this wise. I told the brethren again and again that I was going to have meetings there, and wanted them to get ready. They begged me to defer it till they got their work done, and the class-leader said, 'Come in March when we

shall not be busy.' But it was the fall of the year, and God wanted to save souls, and I felt that it must be attended to just then.

I appointed a lecture and a class-meeting on the end of it. When we reached the chapel, there was but little fire and no wood; the room was cold; a convert was there of delicate health; the congregation was small, and the brethren took no interest to get any wood. I thought,

'Well, I will make haste and have a short meeting and go home;' but while at prayer, my faith increased. I told the brethren to sing, and I started to the nearest house and told the owner that I wanted a basket of wood, I did not care what it cost. He furnished it. I carried and put it in the stove, and the brethren were ashamed and the sisters mortified that they did not attend to those duties themselves. The room was warm. I began to preach; faith increased. I went on with the class-meeting, and found Flora Blynn, who promised me, the first day I entered the charge, that she would be a Christian. I said, 'Now, Flora, this is a good time for you to redeem your word. You know you promised me you would be a Christian, and here is one of your associates that has already experienced religion.'

But sinners are never ready. It is always 'wait a little longer!' She shook her head and stiffened her neck, and seemed fully determined not to yield. Be-

sides, I found out afterwards that she was engaged to go to a party the next week with an unconverted young man. Still I was in earnest to have her saved that night, and urged her far beyond what some people would suppose was right; but I followed my convictions of duty. My wife went and spoke to her, and at length she yielded, came forward, melted into tears, trusted in Jesus, and found peace that night; has since experienced the blessing of entire sanctification, and became one of the finest specimens of Jesus' power to save.

At the close of the meeting the class-leader came to me and said, 'O brother Davies, what a sinner I was to urge you to put off our meetings till next spring, when there is one soul converted to-night.'

The meetings went on most gloriously; many found Jesus able to save, yea, mighty to save; it was a precious work, and led hardened sinners to Jesus.

After quite a number had been saved, I went to the class-leader, Theodore Houdlette, and said:

'We must have twenty more converted this week.'

'Why, I thought the revival was about over.'

'Oh no, we must have twenty more this week.'

This resolution cost us a good deal of toil and labor, but I determined to have them at any cost, and, Glory to God! my faith was honored, and just about that number were brought to Jesus. And so I have

found, that, to some extent, we have to answer our own prayers, just as the farmer does who wants a large harvest; how he plows up the ground, acre after acre, and puts in the seed most plenteously, and watches it to keep out the weeds, and to keep up the fence, and then the Lord fills his barns with plenty.

SOUTH DRESDEN,

Where we preached half the time, was favored with clear cases of conversion. Here I found a few who had not defiled their garments, who maintained the blessing of entire sanctification, and the meetings were glorious. God bless them a thousand times.

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETINGS.

The Lord bless the National Camp-meeting Association, for these meetings have proved a great blessing to me. I was hindered from going to the first one, but my way opened to go to the first meeting at Round Lake. Here I took a new plunge into the purple flood. I entered more closely into the holy of holies. The Friday night of that meeting was one of those marvellous visitations of divine power that mortals seldom enjoy. Dr. Peck and Rev. William McDonald had been exhorting; then we had a season of consecration, then of prayer, and as real a pentecost as was at Jerusalem followed. I

was kneeling on the left of the stand at my chair, and I was wonderfully baptized. I was 'filled with the Spirit.' It seemed to me as though I could see the cloven tongues of fire as they rested upon that mighty mass. Who can describe a pentecost? As well try to describe a whirlwind. But my soul was brought face to face with God. I was shut up with God, and was wonderfully alone, so that I did not want any one to come near me, or even speak to me. I almost feared to speak myself. Then the Spirit seemed to beckon me away into some secret place, just as we love to commune with our intimate friends where others cannot hear us. The hour was late, our tent's company large; I knew not the arrangements for sleeping, so I went to my tent instead of going to the secret spot. I have been satisfied ever since that I lost much by not following the Holy Spirit strictly at that time. I was not condemned, but I lost the opportunity.

Again and again I went under the flood, and was led into closer communion and sweeter fellowship, and was fully determined to give up everything that in any way hindered me from doing the greatest amount of good to the greatest number, and for the longest time.

I came home mightily strengthened. No sooner had I reached Maine than I started in every direction to camp-meetings. I went to East Livermore,

and God helped me to proclaim a full salvation, and after I had done preaching on this theme, Dr. Allen arose and declared that was the Wesleyan doctrine, and said he would attain to this blessed experience. He did so before the meeting closed. The glorious work spread.

I went to Kennebunk camp-meeting, and it seemed as though the presiding elder and the committee were determined the subject of holiness should not come up; but it did come up, and the people rejoiced in it, and a part of the ministry.

I went the same week to East Poland, and Brother Fairbanks was preaching, and he presented the doctrine in a blessed manner. I went on the stand while he was preaching; at the close some of the ministers wished me to exhort. I was so glad to get an opportunity to tell what Jesus had done for me, and could do for them. The Lord blessed the word with power, and many caught the flame, and the work of holiness went on gloriously. Here I met my dear friends from Danville, Pownal, and North Yarmouth, who went with me to clear a spot and build a tent on this ground, the first year that it was dedicated. This has become a noted ground of great usefulness.

If there had been a railroad I should have gone to Northport camp-meeting; but it was forty miles distant, and I could not spare the time.

The baptism was upon my soul and temporal business had lost its charms. July and August passed by, and no money earned outside of the ministry, and I was fully resolved to abandon all for Christ.

RESOURCES OF THE UNIVERSE.

One day I entered my closet and spread out all my temporal wants and interests before Jesus, and committed them all to him. As I waited before the Lord, I heard a voice speaking to me in the clearest manner, and asked me this question, 'Are not all the resources of the universe in my hands?' It was asked in such a convincing manner, and came home to my heart so sweetly, that I replied at once as my heart melted into tenderness, 'yea, Lord,' and I wept like a child. From that moment I was filled with a satisfying portion, contented with my lot, just rich enough, well insured in the company of the skies, and sure God would take care of me and mine whether I kept up my insurance policies or not.

I immediately settled up all my business matters, and published to the world in *Zion's Herald* a brief history of my experience in this line, and of my purpose to remove everything in business matters that was not legitimate, strictly legitimate, to a minister.

The next summer, when I went to National camp-meeting, I heard a voice following me into different parts of the ground and saying, 'Lacked ye anything?' I replied, 'Nay, Lord, I have everything.' This was the same sweet voice of my heavenly Father who has so abundantly supplied all my wants, both temporal and spiritual. Glory, ten thousand glories to God, for all his benefits toward me and mine! Amen and amen.

CHAPTER IX.

‘O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
When shall I thy praise begin?’

IN this frame of mind I finished up my labors on the Dresden charge, and started to Rockland to Conference. I was in excellent bodily health, and the Lord was sweetly saving me day by day. There was a good charge up the Kennebec river that wanted my services. They had a good parsonage and meeting-house, and I expected to go there; still I kept praying that God would direct my steps and fix all the appointments. My wife had an idea that we should go down east, and I was willing to go, as I told them two years ago; but I had no idea of going so soon. Bishop Simpson, before reading the appointments, remarked that we ‘ought not to be afflicted at our appointments, for if any of us were sent down to Egypt, it might be like Joseph, to sit upon a throne.’

He began to read and I began to listen, and nearly all the appointments were read before my name was mentioned, and then it came, 'East Machias and Whiting, E. Davies.' This was a trial of my faith, first, because they gave me no notice of it which I know they ought to have done, and so have given me an opportunity to have had a volition in going so far, and at such an expense. Second, they gave me no missionary money as they were wont to do, when they moved a family so far; but, thank God, I had money of my own and to spare.

I sat still in my pew, and soon Bro. S. B. French, of Cutler, came to me and said how glad he was that I was going down to the part of the State where he lived, and so said his excellent wife. Brother A. S. Weed (now of *Zion's Herald*) met me at the door and said, 'Well, Brother Davies, can you shout over that?' I replied, 'Stop till we get to the evening prayer-meeting.' In that meeting God wonderfully baptized my soul, and I shouted his praise with all my might.

- I returned to Dresden and prepared to move, securing teams to carry my goods to Rockland. They went a few miles but were overloaded, and I had to hire another team. The ox-team gave out at Waldoboro, and I had to send a team from Rockland. Some few of my things were broken and some lost, but not of any value.

I stayed with my family one Sabbath in Rockland, and preached all day in the new church, and it was refreshing, after four years absence, to greet my old friends and the new converts that God had given Brother Pratt.

Mrs. Davies and Anna were quite sea-sick on the steamer, and while taking care of them I was taken sick myself; but mine soon passed off. I had a good horse and two-seated wagon and sleigh, and I thought it best to take them all, and by special arrangement with the agent, Cyrus Sturdevant, I was carried with all my effects for half price. On we floated to a land of strangers, not knowing what awaited us there; still faith, like a cable, held us strong.

We reached Machiasport, harnessed up our team, and started for East Machias. We found the Methodist meeting-house and parsonage were about a mile from the village, among the families of the men who worked in the saw-mills of P. S. J. Talbot & Co.

The ladies had papered the parsonage and would have met us with provisions ready prepared, if they had known when we were coming. As it was, the stewards got a barrel of flour and other necessities of life all ready on the spot, and the house had been partly furnished by the generosity of Mrs. Betsey J. Pope, of Boston, daughter of Father Talbot, of East Machias, and sister to the owners of the saw-mills.

By the last will of Father Talbot the Methodist church at East Machias has fifty dollars per year for the support of preaching, which is quite a favor. Father Talbot did much toward building the meeting-house, but it was let out by the job and shamefully shammed, so that the plastering overhead was ready to fall off. The chimney was leaking its smut over the pulpit carpet. Somebody made a sad mistake.

WHITING VILLAGE

Is about twelve miles from East Machias. It is at the eastern part of the town, and is close to Trescot. When I first went to Whiting, I found Brothers Abraham Estey and Charles Burwell, and they said: 'The Methodist church is small, and the prospect of supporting a minister is also small. Our people are poor, and there is but little money in circulation.'

But faith was made for just such hard cases, and I determined to go there every other Sabbath. A subscription paper was started, and William Peavey signed twenty-five dollars; Brothers Burwell and Estey twenty each; others less. The summer glided along with but little interest.

The Methodists owned one-half of a Union house in Whiting that had been repaired and painted inside and out, and furnished with lamps, etc., at a large expense; but when there was any soul con-

yerted to God by some means, the other church would be almost sure to secure that soul to join their church, and there was all the time something or other coming up with these societies that made it unpleasant.

REV. ALFRED ADAMS

Had labored in this town some eleven years before, and had been very successful in winning souls, especially in the grove meeting that he held near Connecticut Mills, where God saved quite a number of hardened sinners, and many of them remained faithful. I was always fond of such meetings, and it appeared to me that God would bless me if I would hold one.

I found the people ready for the movement, for they remembered full well the great good the town secured before. We appointed a day and met to clear up the ground and build a preacher's stand, and prepare seats for about three hundred, and clear out the spring.

EAST MACHIAS CAMP-MEETING

Came before this grove meeting, and it was a 'time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord,' and quite a number of people went from Whiting. Some doubted the propriety of holding a grove-meeting so near the time and place of the East Ma-

chias meeting, but I knew God wanted the meeting and would bless it. One woman from Machias said, 'We have just been to camp-meeting, and we are all tired out, and now Brother Davies has appointed a grove meeting; who does he expect will go to that? He will have that meeting all to himself.' That shows how some people received the enterprise.

The grove-ground was about three-quarters of a mile from the main road through the town, in a very quiet and retired spot. Rev. I. F. Rowe, of Lubec, late of England, was engaged to help me, and Rev. S. H. Beale, of Machias. The time drew near. Much prayer was offered. I was at Whiting village the Sabbath before the grove meeting, and I told them somebody was going to be converted, and an old man sat there with a backslidden heart and a stubborn will, and he said, 'Well, I guess you will not get me.' But, thank God, we did! I will speak of him by and by.

I requested husbands, wives, fathers, and mothers, etc., that had any relatives or friends that they wanted converted, to come forward for prayers for them in the meeting-house. Sister Bridges for her husband and two children, Sister Andrews for her husband and two children, Sister Smith for her husband, etc., and, glory to God! nearly all of these friends found peace.

Sept. 12, 1870, I wrote out the following order of exercises for the meeting:

1. Prayer-meeting at half past 5 o'clock, A. M.
2. Breakfast at half past 6.
3. Social meeting at half past 8.
4. Public service on Holiness at 10.
5. Dinner at 12.
6. Private prayer followed by a prayer-meeting at 1, P. M.
7. Preaching at 2.
8. Supper at 5.
9. Prayer-meeting at 6.
10. Preaching at 7.
11. Retire at a quarter past 9.

So that I purposed to have all the time employed and well improved. I appended the following

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Draw near to God in every exercise.
2. Avoid all trifling conduct and conversation.
3. Rely upon God for success in all good things.
4. Pray much for yourself, your ministers, and the unconverted.
5. Give God the glory for any good that may be done.
6. Be willing to work in every way, as the Spirit directs, and as duty calls.
7. Labor for the blessing of entire sanctification, and expect it by simple faith in the blood of Jesus, that cleanseth from all sin.

I was fully determined to carry this meeting through on the New Testament plan, and to expect a real pentecost; that sinners should be smitten

down by the power of God, and soundly converted, and that believers should experience the blessing of heart holiness, and be filled with the Spirit.

I was fully determined to baptize the converts as fast as they gave good evidence of salvation, for I found that the apostles baptized the three thousand on the very day they were converted, and that the eunuch was baptized after hearing Philip preach, and when he believed with all his heart, and that the jailer was baptized with all his house the very night he was converted; besides, I read, ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,’ and ‘Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.’ And I knew that there was a blessing to be gained by the reception of this ordinance; that while the water was applied to the body, they might expect the Spirit to be applied to their soul.

I had some special police appointed, at the head of which was Alvra Hanscom, of East Machias. He had two brothers in the ministry, and had felt it his duty to preach, but utterly refused to do so, and had run away to the Rocky Mountains and fallen into all manner of sin rather than obey God. I wanted him at this meeting, that he might get the mighty baptism upon his soul, and do his long-neglected duty.

We prepared ourselves for cold nights by putting a large stove into our large boarded tent, which was

about 37x16 feet, and a cloth tent in the rear for eating purposes. We had plenty of good dry hard wood, and so we were comfortable in this regard, and could get our meals on short notice, and so give our whole time for the good of the meeting.

The attendance was small at the beginning, but there were evident signs of God's presence; sinners began to come to Christ, backsliders were reclaimed, and believers were sanctified. The people around began to hear the rumor of this meeting, and to get interested, and soon they began to come from the different towns around, and sometimes every person on the ground would be upon their knees before God; and I have repeatedly seen persons convicted and on their knees in fifteen minutes after they came on to the ground.

‘ HOLINESS TO THE LORD,’

In large letters, was placed over the preachers' stand, and it stood a standing motto for the whole meeting, and a living epistle to many a careless sinner.

The Hall families at Connecticut Mills were very kind, and lent us a stove and helped to furnish the table with supplies, and so did Asa Stanhope and Father Kennison's family; yea, all the families around more or less, and they all received a benefit by having some one of their families converted or

reclaimed. Sister Hall had the last of her sons converted, and some of her grandchildren.

GARDINER'S LAKE

Neighborhood was wonderfully visited. They kept coming to the meeting, and God kept saving one and another, till there was a strong Methodist class raised up there. This is where Brother Hanscom preached his first sermon.

Four miles beyond, in Marion, lived Father Foster and wife and two daughters. He had enjoyed religion, but had lost it. It was very hard for him to start again, but he kept coming to the meetings, and God touched his heart, and he found his way to the mercy-seat. His oldest daughter soon found Christ precious. The younger one, Abbie, had been sick and near eternity without a hope, and she came to the ground hoping to find salvation. But when she read the motto 'Holiness to the Lord' over the stand, she thought, 'There they will take no notice of me now, all they talk about is holiness;' but she soon found out her mistake, for at the close of the first social meeting I went to her and asked if she did not want to be a Christian; she confessed the truth, and we had a special season of prayer, and she was soon walking in the light of pardoning mercy. These two sisters were baptized, and the little family became a little heaven. About eighteen

months after, the dear father and husband passed on to glory.

Joseph Bell had two daughters converted and baptized who remain faithful. Sister Andrews had her husband and oldest daughter saved. Wilson Wilcox and wife and only daughter were brought to Jesus, and all these belonged to the class at Whiting village.

THE HOYT NEIGHBORHOOD,

Near Machias, was especially favored. Quite a good proportion of the men were saved at this meeting, and learned to spend their money for something more useful than beer and intoxicating drinks. One mother told me her son had gone so far away that she considered him as lost, till he found Christ at that meeting; then she felt that he was a prodigal returned. Brother Beale took hold of the work and organized a good Methodist class in the place, and much permanent good followed.

EAST MACHIAS

Had a few mercy drops, and a class was revived in the village which has maintained a vigorous existence ever since.

EDMONDS

Sent quite a number to the grove meeting who were

profited, and some of them truly converted, and joined the Baptist church.

LUBEC

Had quite a delegation there, and they were led into the region of perfect love, and they labored hard with Brother Rowe, their pastor, to lead sinners to Christ, and there was at least one convert to return home with them. Brother Newman, of West Lubec, made himself useful.

PEMBROKE

Had a delegation of good workers, especially Mrs. Sprague, who wrestled with God in mighty prayer and prevailed.

CUTLER

Was also represented, especially by Brother Ellery Turner, whose soul was blessed, and Brother S. B. French and family, and others. I wrote for *Zion's Herald* while on the ground as follows:

GROVE MEETING AT WHITING, ME.

Nearly two weeks ago I commenced a little camp-meeting on this spot, and God has wonderfully poured out his Spirit upon almost every service. We inscribed '*Holiness to the Lord*' above the pulpit stand in large letters, and commenced to pro-

claim a free and a full salvation to rich and poor, young and old, to be obtained by penitent faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and God has so signally owned our feeble efforts that the whole region of country feels the saving power, and the fire brightly burns in families twelve miles from this ground; and in one family, the father and six of his children were at the altar for prayers at one time, and all found Jesus precious. So much of the power of God has been manifested, that persons that had just come upon the ground for the first time were in a few minutes on their knees trembling under the power of God; and so powerful were the prayers of Christians, that one husband declared that through the first week of the meeting he could take no peace day or night, but on Saturday night he found his way to the class-meeting, and gave his backslidden heart to God. This was B. P. Bridges, who said in the meeting-house when I said 'somebody was going to be converted,' 'You won't get me,' and he would not come to the meeting.

Yesterday was a memorable day, for those who came to the ground to witness the general baptism were so smitten with the power of truth and of the Spirit of God, that they went to the altar to seek salvation; and some of them would leave the altar and go into the congregation and bring their unconverted associates forward, and a number of them

were saved, although it was the first time they had been on the ground.

The forenoons have been devoted to the promotion of entire sanctification, and many dear witnesses have been raised up to tell the wonderful story of full salvation. Nor have the wants of others been neglected, for one brother, who had just given all for Christ, said in one meeting, that he felt it his duty to give something for the benefit of the South, and money was raised at once for the Church Extension Society.

The converts embraced the man of eighty years and the child of ten. Noble young men have laid their all at Jesus' feet, and one of them, Alvra H. Hanscom, has received such an unction of the Holy One, that he is just now starting to preach his first sermon in a neighboring school-house, with a settled purpose to devote the rest of his life to the work of the ministry.

Yesterday, with singing, we marched to the side of Indian Lake, where the angels looked down upon fifty-three persons standing in a circle, with joined hands, who had lately started for immortal glory; twenty-eight of whom stepped into an inner circle and took upon them the vows of holy baptism; among them, Mother Kennison, who was too infirm to kneel, who had been near the gates of death without a preparation, and was now happy in God.

Rev. S. H. Beale took charge of the baptismal service, and back of the candidates stood the members of the M. E. Church, who, with joined hands, formed the outer circle, and renewed their vows with the candidates; and it was glorious to see about one hundred and twenty-five up-raised hands every time the questions were asked. Then Rev. S. H. Beale baptized five by sprinkling; Rev. E. Davies baptized nineteen by immersion, assisted by Rev. Bro. Rowe. Others are waiting to go forward at the next baptismal occasion, which will be next week.

Brothers Beale and Rowe and two local preachers have rendered efficient service in this mighty work, but we give *all the glory to God*, and humbly lie at his feet in adoring gratitude, and crown Jesus Lord of all.

We expect to hold the meetings over the third week, for we dare not close while God is so graciously blessing. The *weather, order, and attendance* have been excellent. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! Hark! who is that singing? Why, it is that old man of eighty years, who came to the altar the other day and said, 'I want God to give me a new heart and turn me from my wickedness.' Now he sings,

'I am going home, I am going home,
I am going home to die no more.'

Now if so much good can be done by a united effort of one grove meeting, why not multiply them? Why not have a dozen of them in Aroostook County at different points, where only three ministers can be found who can work together with the eternal God to help them? How much better than large meetings, where so much talent must be idle.

Such has been the spirit of prophecy that God has poured upon his servants and upon his hand-maidens, that we have been obliged to omit the sermons that we intended to preach, so that three ministers have been able to preach all the sermons, and yet have time to rest. God gave us many short and powerful sermons from the lips that had been touched with hallowed fire among the laity, and again and again the baptism of the Holy Ghost was vouchsafed upon the whole audience.

1. We have learned that God can save, by many or few.

2. That when any band of consecrated souls move forward in an honest effort to save souls, the glory of God will succeed their efforts.

3. That the grove is better than the meeting-house to hold reformation meetings in, because it takes the people from their homes and cares, and turns their attention toward heaven day after day, while the truth of God is poured upon them.

4. That when we have gained one victory, we

must still keep humble, and give God the glory, that we may yet see greater things.

5. That the meetings must be kept up in the same place day and night, Sabbath and week day, giving God or man no rest, but, like the all-persistent Prussians, march on from conquering to conquer, knowing no defeat this side of hell.

We have determined this day to have a Methodist meeting-house in Whiting, and have a part of the money pledged as a thank-offering for this mighty work at the grove meeting.

The meeting is still in full force, and sixteen men are waiting for baptism. This is the third week, and sinners are saved every day. Last evening after the meeting closed, we found a married man so deeply convicted, that in a few minutes he was on his knees crying for mercy. He yielded all and Jesus saved him, and he jumped up and shouted for joy. He had refused to go forward for prayers with his wife, but the Spirit followed him, and heaven and earth were glad. At the same time a poor sailor was convicted who had been in but two meetings for twenty years.

This is truly the 'day of salvation,' and sinners are warned by the sickness of a young man, who lay near eternity without hope, though he had been at this meeting for one whole week.

Low in the dust we lie and give ten thousand

glories to God for his marvellous loving-kindness. Last night upon our knees we vowed to God that we would not leave the ground till we had orders from heaven, not for quarterly meetings, for preachers' meetings, which are coming next week upon my charge. While God lingers among us, and souls are saved, we will wait and work.

Brother Hanscom's school-house meeting was a success, for the power of God fell upon the people while he was preaching, that careless sinners wept and trembled and rushed forward for prayers, and found peace in believing.

My heart so swells with gratitude, that if I had a thousand bodies and souls, I would gladly give them all to the work of Christ, and would proceed forthwith to hold a thousand grove meetings in different parts of the redeemed world.

E. DAVIES.

The meetings continued till Thursday of the third week, but before we closed we had another general baptism, making, I believe, fifty-four that followed Christ in this ordinance, and more were almost ready, and two did go forward the same week down at the meeting-house.

I continued the meetings till the providential indications were plain to leave, and we went straight down to the meeting-house and finished the week.

The second Sabbath nearly all Jacksonville turned

out. This was the place where the meeting-house was and the parsonage, a mile above East Machias village. The power of God in answer to prayer reached that place, till one of the teamsters said he could think of nothing else but the grove meeting, and it was the cry everywhere around, ‘What is the news from the grove meeting?’ ‘Who has been converted lately?’ ‘How many have they baptized?’ ‘How much longer is that Davies going to keep that meeting going?’

Brother Hanscom lived at Jacksonville, and they had heard that he had begun to preach, and a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, and some of them were jealous. Brother Hanscom sat facing the desk while Brother Hathaway, from Jacksonville, was preaching. I determined to put him to the test. So when the sermon was over, without notice, I called on Brother Hanscom to exhort, right before all his companions and neighbors. The cross was heavy, but he bore it nobly, and God blessed the word; he confessed the whole matter before them so feelingly, that they lost their prejudice, and he gained their confidence.

One day in the tent I gave him the Bible and asked him to go into the woods and bring us back a short sermon; he went and returned with these words, ‘Whom should I fear?’ and talked about ten minutes and sat down. At another time, when the

congregation was small, he went into the woods and the Lord gave him these words, 'Follow thou me;' and so he went on little by little. He also went to the Gardiner's Lake school-house several times, till it became a settled point that the grove meeting had made one new minister.

CHAPTER X.

‘ While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I Am,
I with them would still be vying,
Glory ! Glory to the Lamb !
Oh how precious
Is the sound of Jesus’ name.’

ETERNITY alone will tell the good that followed that meeting. The meeting closed on Thursday forenoon and we went down immediately to the meeting-house and began a quarterly-meeting. Rev. A. Helmershausen was there as presiding elder. One married woman came forward for prayers and was converted at the close of the morning service, and she and her husband were baptized in the afternoon ; and while the water was applied to the body the Holy Ghost came upon their souls, and they are good members of the church to-day. The good work went on. After supper that night at Brother Andrews’, Brother Burwell and I were singing in the sitting-room, and Sister Bridges’ daughter, who had been the subject of many prayers through the

week at grove meeting, heard the singing while milking her cow, and was so deeply convicted that she came in and knelt down and asked us to pray for her, and Jesus set her soul at liberty. Glory to God! The Spirit was poured out on all that region, and sinners were turning to the Lord.

In the quarterly-meeting Jesus helped me to lay before them the meeting-house enterprise, and we gained a vote to have the house. Still the burden of the matter was laid upon me, and the man that I expected would help the most told me deliberately, 'that he should stick by the old house; he had two pews there; that it was a Methodist house, and I must preach there and make myself at home.' His wife was a little more cautious, and she said, 'Brother Davies, when you began the grove meeting I was convinced you would not have much success; but you succeeded beyond all my expectations. Now I dare not oppose you on the meeting-house.'

Many stood square against me, but I took care to keep out of their way. It was a query where I should find a lot of land. I looked and looked. At length Brother A. Estey said he would give me a lot on a rock near Brother Bridges'. This was indeed the best lot in the village. I appointed a day to commence on the foundation. Quite a company turned out, but as yet I had no leading mechanic to lay out the work; but God opened the way, and

Isaac Estey was found willing to take the lead. We found the ground fell off in the rear far enough to give us a vestry 15x30 feet, which was indeed a great convenience.

Before this time I found they wanted twenty-five dollars for a plan of the house. I could not afford this, so I drew a plan myself, and, with the aid of mechanics, I ordered the frame, and Messrs. Stevens and French were very kind in furnishing the frame, with but a small prospect of remuneration except in a pew in the house. Day after day we toiled on the foundation, and I had to help, working as hard as I could, glad in this way to show my love to the dear Jesus.

It was about the middle of October when we began, and the cold weather was coming on. The bricks were brought from Pembroke and the foundation finished, the sills laid, and at length the frame was up, and with great difficulty we got boards to cover it and to lay the floors. The whole load of care of furnishing the materials, collecting the money, employing and paying the men, fell upon me ; but I had learned to trust in Jesus, and he was a very present help in every time of trouble.

I found some No. 1 sawed cedar shingles at East Machias, and Warren Doulin, one of the grove-meeting converts, hauled them to the spot. I secured a cement chimney from Portland, and had it

put up outside, so that all the soot and dirt should be without. I got the window-frames and doors from Boston; the stained glass from Philadelphia; this cost me sixty dollars.

The enemies of the house were exceedingly vexed, and tried every way to hinder it, and took pains to try to induce Mrs. B. J. Pope not to pay the \$50 she had signed, but all in vain; they could not stop my praying, and they could not stop God from answering the prayer of faith. So their strength was weakness; one or two of them abused me to my face, but this only drove me nearer to God. God was very near to me all the way through, and repeatedly I opened to that hymn:

‘Still on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

Ne’er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love;
And they who on his grace rely,
Shall sing his praise above.’

These precious words were as sweet and sustaining as though God had spoken to me from heaven, and they are to this day.

I had to make a common stock in money matters, and put every cent of money in the house that I could raise from every quarter. I was resolved to

keep out of debt, and to trust Jesus in every dark hour. When the merchant at Eastport wanted to know when he should look for his pay for the doors and sashes, etc., I just took out a \$50 bill and paid him. And so we prospered, and so our enemies were disappointed.

But the cold weather was coming on, and everybody prophesied that the house could not be plastered, or, if it was, the plastering would freeze; and the week before we plastered we had a very hard frost; the house faced the north, and it looked almost like presumption to attempt to plaster, and one brother said we had better leave it till spring; but I was fully determined that the house should not stop till it was dedicated, and Brother Isaac Estey was sure the Lord would give us soft weather, and, Glory to God! he did, and the very day the mason got there it rained, and the soft weather continued till the plastering was dry enough. This thaw lasted so long, that the lumbering parties could not work because the streams were not frozen over, and coming just as it did when we were just ready to plaster, it confounded our enemies, and encouraged us still to trust.

We still worshiped in the Union house, and one day when I had preached a most searching sermon on the judgment, and requested all that enjoyed religion, or wanted us to pray for them, to rise up, the

deacon of the other church sat still. This opened the eyes of some who had not favored the new house, who declared to me that the Methodists ought to have a new house, and that if they were able they would build it for us. So we still went on and prospered.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST FOR EVANGELICAL
WORK.

January 1, 1871, will be a memorable day to me and to others through the ages of eternity. It was the holy Sabbath; a great snow-storm kept me from going to Whiting, and I was sitting in the parsonage at East Machias in the afternoon, reading the second time 'Bringing in Sheaves,' by Rev. A. B. Earle, a Baptist evangelist, and when I saw how mightily God wrought through him in every place, and multitudes were added to the Lord in the city and in the country, I fell back with astonishment and exclaimed, 'O Lord, is it possible that one man can do so much good? Then would it not be for thy glory to have another such man? Then, O Lord, here I am, take me.' And immediately the fire of the Lord fell upon me, and I was filled with the Holy Ghost, and I declared to my family, 'I am an evangelist from this hour!' My oldest son said, 'What will you do with us father?' 'The Lord will take care of you,' I replied. This was a new era in my

life. I had felt the missionary spirit before, but not the spirit of an evangelist so clearly as to go from place to place to do as Brother Earle did. I now held myself ready to go as the Lord opened my way, and the first place was to Lubec Point. The Methodist church had suffered everything because other churches would steal their converts; so they were left weak, and at this time their congregation was being drawn away by meetings in another church, and they were almost discouraged. Rev. I. F. Rowe, from England, was pastor, and wrote me to come. I went and humbled myself before God. God poured out his Spirit, the tide set in our favor; quite a number of souls were saved, and one night especially I asked God to give me a sign that he would have me go forth in this work of an evangelist by wonderfully blessing us, and oh, Glory to God! what a blessing God poured upon us; how he filled us, and melted the hearts of quite a number, and filled the altar with seekers, and filled the house with his glory. My soul bowed with adoring gratitude and the saints shouted for joy. Indubitable seals were set upon this form of my ministry, and I was fully prepared to spend my days in this way. Quite a number were baptized before I left, and the good work still remains.

NORTHFIELD

Lies ten miles back of Machias and is a lumbering town, though most of the wood is cut down. About this time I was invited to go up there and deliver a temperance lecture, and I stayed and preached in the forenoon on the Sabbath, and I saw there was a grand opportunity for a reformation. There had been no meetings at all for months in the town. The old professors were almost discouraged; but God could make hard things easy. I made arrangements with them to go again, and they promised me money to help me to finish my meeting-house. January 18, 1871, I went up and commenced some meetings. God poured out his Spirit again and again. Souls were converted; the saints were baptized of the Holy Ghost. Deacon Smith and Charles H. Gardiner were alive and active. Backsliders caught the fire. Some thirty joined the class. They continued the meetings more or less till I went again, February 1. The good work was still spreading. The next morning all in the house came forward for prayers except a poor aged backslider, who had such an evil temper that he feared to start again. He looked so lonesome and sad we all felt for him, and nearly all of us wept; but he was so stubborn he would not yield. At length Deacon Smith went and sat down by his side with his heart so full that he could not speak a word, but he sat

down and wept. This touched his heart, and at last with faltering step the poor old man found his way to the altar, and found peace with God. As the old man came trembling along, the tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy. The whole congregation wept.

Five men were reclaimed whose average age was seventy-seven years. In this place I resolved to spend one hour with God in prayer every morning. I began it in the parlor of Brother Gardiner, and God bathed my soul so gloriously with love, and filled my spirit with his holy power, that I stayed in town till after the Sabbath.

The whole town was stirred, and sinners were saved every day. Deacon Smith said he had seen many reformations, and had read of many, but had never seen or read of anything like this. The breath of the Almighty swept through the town, and the most hardened and careless were led to Jesus. Strong men bowed before the power of God. The town was filled with religious thought and feeling, and this was manifest, actually, to strangers as they passed through.

MOOSE RIVER

Is a scattered district in Trescott. A young woman from there was converted and baptized while I was at Lubec. She told me there was no religious privi-

leges in the place, not even a Sabbath school or prayer-meeting. I sent an appointment. The people gathered at the school-house, and listened to the word of God with eagerness. God touched their hearts, and this young lady's father came forward for prayers, and Mr. Albert Rice, a young married man, and they remained faithful to the grace given in that first meeting. I went again and again, and quite a number found Jesus as their Saviour. Haycock's Harbor and Bailey's Mistake are not far from there, and the people came to the meetings, and there was excellent prospects. But my meeting-house was not done, and required my care, and I had to go to Northfield every chance I could get, so that I could not follow up the work at Moose River; besides, it was a most out of the way place, still I organized a class, and baptized quite a number.

Rev. Messrs. Moses and Taylor went to Bailey's Mistake about this time and held meetings, and God poured out his Spirit and saved a multitude, so that the whole region was visited with heavenly showers of grace, and the great bulk of the men, women, and children were saved. A temperance division was formed, and the good work remains permanent. About this time I preached at the carrying place, Lubec, and God saved souls that night. At my tarrying place I found a true penitent, waiting for some one to lead her to Jesus. I spoke a few words;

God melted her heart ; she found peace while I was praying for her ; the next morning I found her still trusting in Jesus.

The next Sabbath I preached at Eastport and baptized eight of his probationers by immersion. The water was so cold, and the distance so great, and the horse so slow, that I suffered greatly with cold, and my jaws were almost locked before I reached the fire, and it seemed as though I could put myself against the hot stove without burning. This led me to send for a pair of baptizing pants, costing sixteen dollars, and as I have had to baptize so many, they have paid their cost already. I baptized nearly one hundred and forty that Conference year.

While these revivals were going on all around, our meeting-house at Whiting was being finished. By faith in the blessed Jesus I was able to get the money to pay the bills and secure all the materials, and carpet the pulpit, altar, and aisles. When the painter was painting it he wanted the liberty to fresco it, and the head workman, I. H. Estey, said he would pay the bills out of his claim on the house. The whole thing was carried through in good style, and on the back end was painted in oil colors with the words 'Holiness to the Lord' in the centre ; behind the pulpit, 'God be merciful to me a sinner' on one side, and 'O Lord, I will praise thee' on the

other. We reared it by faith, we plastered it with love, we finished it by prayer and praise. It was a new creation, and so well done, that our enemies delighted in it to a certain extent, but they would not help it forward, nor buy pews in it when it was finished.

Rev. S. H. Beale was hindered from preaching the dedication sermon, but we had a good substitute at hand in Rev. William McKellar, who preached a most excellent sermon; every one allowed it was the best ever preached in this town, and was good enough for any town. This was February 28, 1871. Quite a number of the grove-meeting converts were there, and many brought their dinners with them, so that we could eat together, and talk of the goodness of God, and we did have a glorious time in the vestry at noon; and soon we began a prayer-meeting above, and the painter came forward for prayers and found peace; also, the daughter of one master workman. We continued the meeting awhile, and the Lord was in our midst.

‘THIS IS YOUR HOME’

Seemed to rush into my mind as I knelt in the pulpit one day, and I found that Brother Bridges wanted to sell his homestead, a house and barn close to the meeting-house, and two acres of land, and I was led to buy it and move my family there. So that

God opened my way to have a home of my own, and that I could leave my family while I went on my evangelical labors. This was contrary to my former calculations, for I had thought I would never locate; but this was only to do the more good in the regions beyond.

I kept baptizing and gathering into the church the grove-meeting converts, and building them up in their most holy faith.

WHITNEYVILLE

Is a large lumbering village about four miles from Machias. Many of the people are relatives of the people in Northfield, and had become interested in the revival there. I had never been there, and hardly knew anybody there. Still I coveted to go alone. So I arranged with Rev. S. H. Beale, who was in charge there and preached to them, that if he would go to Northfield one Thursday eve, I would go to Whitneyville. It was a wicked place, and profanity was quite common, and many of the people were Catholics. March 25 I rode in sight, with my heart uplifted to God. A peculiar love for the people sprang up in my heart, and I rode on claiming victory through Jesus Christ.

I found a good home with Camlin Elwell, whose father had been converted at Northfield. The meeting was held in the hall. I began by telling

them my experience and the mighty baptisms of the Spirit I had received at his hands, and of my business with them, namely, to see them converted. That it was a hard thing they had to do, *i. e.* to yield to Christ and be saved, but they could do it, and God had sent me there to help them. God helped me to gain their confidence, and the hardy lumbermen who sat before me, who had just got home from the woods, seemed to be quite interested.

I expected to go to Northfield the next morning, but ventured to appoint a meeting at eight o'clock. The hall was well filled at that early hour although it rained, and thus showed the interest. In this meeting the mothers seemed to be in earnest for their children and for their husbands. The tears started in many eyes, and it was evident the Spirit of God was among us. After the meeting closed I determined that it was too rainy to go to Northfield, and called the people back to have another meeting. The mass of them returned, the power of God was felt, and some began to seek the Lord in earnest. Mothers came forward for their children, and husbands for their wives.

The afternoon meeting was precious. Robert McReavy had a praying wife, and he very kindly went with me from house to house, and I talked with him, and the Spirit of God touched his heart; and although he had been quite a wicked man, that

very night at the half-past-six o'clock inquiry meeting he bowed his knees, and wept before God as a penitent; so did a number of young people, and among the rest a young man who met me first at Northfield. When he came driving his team into the door-yard and swearing I went out, and kindly told him that while he had been in the woods that winter the good people of Northfield had given up the practice of swearing, and I thought I would make the fact known to him, as he had not perhaps heard of it. He took the hint, and said it followed him till he was converted. The evening meeting in the hall was a most blessed season. The strong men began to tremble under the power of God. I remained the next day, and still they came forward. There was a young woman who had been a leader among her class, and she was determined she would not go to the inquiry meeting, and this led two others to say the same. I went to her house to supper, and found out what she had said and done; but while talking to her, God touched her heart, and she determined to go to the inquiry meeting, and to invite her young friends to come. They did so, and all three were soon happy in Jesus. I kept the meetings going, humbly trusting in God for success. Mr. Bartlett Elwell was one of the leading men of the place, and the head man of the largest gang of river-drivers, and had a great influence, but was

without Christ, and was not without his thoughts on this subject, nor of his influence over others. His only daughter was gloriously converted, and he began to think it was time for him to start.

One afternoon I pressed the invitation, and I saw him sitting at the furthest end of the room. I still waited and looked at him as though I wanted him to come. At length he started and walked toward the front seat in earnest, and as he came he said, 'don't be afraid of me,' as though we thought he was such a great sinner that we should hardly think he was in earnest, or that we should be afraid to pray for him. I said, 'Oh no, we are not afraid of you, you are just the man we wanted.' He knelt down with his face toward the pulpit, without any seat to kneel to, and in a moment Mr. Albert Miller, an excellent citizen, came right over two seats and knelt by the side of his opposite neighbor. This sight touched my heart and surprised my faith. I cried out in mighty earnest, 'O Lord! convert these men, and I will love thee better for a life-time;' and all at once the power of God fell on me and on them, and they soon found Jesus precious, and they remain faithful to God.

There was a mighty change came over that place, so that the face of the whole community was changed. Swearing ceased, religion became the prevailing topic of conversation, and the unconverted

were awed by the presence of God, whether they went to meeting or not. This was indeed a glorious outpouring of God's spirit, and a signal approval of God upon my mission as an Evangelist. The meetings went right on. Brother Beale took right hold of the work, and kept the meetings right on. I went as opportunity served, and about one hundred souls were the subjects of God's saving grace in those meetings.

My policy was to do as I would have other ministers do to me under reversed circumstances, *i. e.* to let those that wanted to be Methodists join our class, and at a proper time go forward in baptism and so exercise the liberty of American citizens; but some of the religious people that were not Methodists were hardly willing to give us fair play, or the benefit of our labors among them, and did all they could to keep persons from being Methodists, and, I am told, pressed the members of our class to join their church. This, of course, made Brother Beale feel sad, and he spoke of it in strong terms in one meeting, and this gave offense to some, and the best of feeling did not prevail, and the good work was hurt to a certain extent, and, I fear, some weak souls were turned aside.

Now I claim and here record as my candid and solemn conviction, that if God makes a minister the means of bringing about a revival of religion in any

place, it is an indication of God's approval of that minister's labors among that people, and that he has the first right to invite the converts to join the church that he represents, and they have the right to join his church or to go to any other church as their enlightened consciences shall dictate; and all this ought to be done in the sweetest unity of the Spirit and the peace of God, and each church ought to rejoice in each others' welfare. How can we have the spirit of Christ and follow any other course? Alas! Alas!! how many glorious revivals have been killed by lack of good judgment and policy on the part of older professors. I have found at times persons who seemed to be so bigoted, that they could never rejoice in any other church's prosperity but their own. The Lord have mercy on such men. I am sad to record that I do know that all manner of unfair means have been used to get men away from the very church where they were converted, and where they would as naturally have joined as the child will run to its mother, and the result has been as might be expected, the spiritual child has suffered for want of a mother's care, and many have pined away and died. And it is astonishing to me to see how such things are done, just as readily and regularly as though it was a matter of course. If God blessed the labors of other churches, they would rush in and take the spoil. Men of God,

judge in the light of eternity how far such things are right.

About this time I got a pressing letter from Brother Blackwood to come and help him to hold some meetings in Wesley; that the revival flame had reached them from Northfield, and already some had found salvation. I promised to go. Quite a number of them had been down to our meetings in Northfield. April 3d, I rode in sight of Wesley, and a strange love pervaded my heart as I saw the town lying before me, and knew I could do nothing without divine help; at the same time sure I could do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I was sure of victory. I pressed on, and put up my horse at the tavern, when the keeper was so kind as to take good care of my horse all free. I could only stay a few days in the place, so we began in earnest, and Brother Blackwood wanted me to take charge of the meetings. I carried them on in a very social way, going round from pew to pew, and talking with every lady, and occasionally preaching a sermon, or giving an exhortation. Deacon Smith went with me from Northfield and aided nobly in prayer and exhortation and in personal labors.

A young man went up from Northfield and God melted his heart the first night, so that he came forward for prayers and returned home that night fully determined to serve God the rest of his life. The

next morning his father asked him ‘if they had a good meeting at Wesley?’ His heart was too full to answer, and his father saw at once what was the matter and said, ‘When I found that my oldest son was striving to be a Christian, and needed a father’s prayers and counsel, if I had not been able to have given him the needed help, I would have gone into the woods and have hid myself.’ But, Glory to God! he and his wife had just found peace, and were just ready to lead their dear boy along.

Wesley is noted for its talented women, and the second day in the afternoon God set fire to their hearts, and their lips moved and their tongues were unloosed, and about all I had to do was to sit still and shout, while these dear women carried the meeting on. Such a repetition of earnest and powerful testimonies I seldom hear. The strong men began to feel, and one of them got mad and went out of the house and slammed the door, but this only drove the arrow further into his heart. In a little while he came back and gave his poor back-slidden heart to God, and became a strong convert. We pressed the battle to the gate, morning, noon, and night, in the meeting, and out of the meeting. I went home with one young married man named Blake, and God converted him around the family altar.

Brother Blackwood continued the meetings, and the Lord gave the increase, so that the whole town was wrapped in a flame of reformation, and it is supposed that about one hundred souls were converted or reclaimed. Glory be to God!

‘ See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesus’ love the nation fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.’

CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELICAL LABORS CONTINUED.

‘Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,—
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

‘See where o’er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.’

I WAS already engaged to hold meetings at Machias with Rev. S. H. Beale, so I had to leave Wesley after three days’ labor. Before leaving (in my closet) I saw the picture of my much respected friend, Sister Phœbe Palmer, of New York. I knelt before the Lord, and prayed that as a preparation for my work at Machias, that I might have the meek and quiet spirit that possessed this sister, that her mantle might rest on me, and it came upon me. There had been much speculation about my going to Machias; some said that I was successful in country places, but would not succeed in Machias. I simply replied, ‘my commission was especially for Washington County, and that must include Machias.’ I

had gone into this place many times before, but never with such feelings of responsibility as now. My confidence was in God. The house was packed full the first night, and the people expected I should come among them as a roaring lion, but the Lord had made me as a gentle lamb, and this had a blessed effect.

The first night I filled up my time in telling them the glorious things that God had done *for* me and *by* me, and I did it so calmly and confidently that it held their attention, and awakened an interest. They went home determined to come again. The next day we had a good afternoon meeting, and Brother Beale appointed an inquiry meeting at a hall near by at six o'clock. The house was packed the next night, and God gave me special liberty in preaching upon the death of Jesus; it was a melting time, and many hearts were touched, and some stubborn sinners rose for prayers. I did not invite them forward, but prayed for them.

Sabbath evening, as soon as I invited them forward, three women started, and they all found peace, one of them the very moment she knelt at the altar, because she had had a great aversion to going forward, and had never been willing to come before. Brother Z. B. Allen's daughter Annie was so sure she would not go forward for prayers that she said she 'would sit alone if all the rest in the

house went forward.' This was a trial to her parents, but I was sure she would come.

The inquiry meetings at the hall were a great success. The old and the young were so sweetly blessed, and many would start there that would not go forward at the meeting-house, then they had strength to do their duties in the great congregation. The work of holiness went forward too, and some of the Congregational members came forward for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I met a man one morning who had been a member of that church a long time, and although he was a stranger he said, 'Mr. Davies, I am so thankful to you for the sermon you preached last night; I have been a professor of religion this twenty-four years, but I never knew till lately that God was able to save me from all sin; I thought I must struggle with remaining depravity all my life.'

'Well, my brother, do you know it now?'

'Yes, thank God, I do.'

I let him have one of my Believer's Hand-Books, and he, with others of the same church, went on his way rejoicing.

There was a man in Machias named Eben Albee, fifty-six years of age, who had not been to a religious meeting for eighteen years, but had seen me in Northfield as he came out of the woods, and made up his mind that when I came to Machias he was

going to meeting; he did so, and brought with him some of his associates. He followed up the meetings and became quite interested. One night he was sitting in the gallery, when his daughter was telling how distressed she was for her friends, and at length she said, with the deepest feeling, 'I feel so much for my friends, that I would be willing if need be to *die* for them.' This pierced the father's heart like a two-edged sword; it cut off all his heart-strings, and he said, 'Well, if my own child is so interested for me, it is time I was interested for myself. I am determined from this hour that I will be a Christian.' He went down to the stores the next day among his associates, and heard them saying all manner of things about the meetings, and at length he said, 'You may think what you please about it, but when I feel it my duty, I shall go to that altar for prayers if the house is full of devils.'

In a few days he found his way to the altar, and Christ found a way to his heart, and his home became a little heaven, and his praying wife and children were filled with delight, and they all went on singing

'Oh how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.'

Willie Allen, a boy of twelve years, had promised God when his father was nigh unto death, that if he would spare his father, he would be a Christian. His father was raised up, but none but God knew of the promise. When our meetings began, Willie determined to redeem his promise. He came forward and found peace. This touched Annie's heart, and soon she was willing to come forward in the inquiry meeting. She was passionately fond of dancing, and had a large circle of friends, and it was very hard to give them up; but her very dear friend, Lucy Drisko, had found peace, and she was determined to yield all for Christ, but there was the cross to go forward in the large congregation, before all her acquaintances. She resolved to do so, and found peace before she got to the meeting-house, for God took the will for the deed. She remains a steadfast follower of the Lamb.

The blessed work went on gloriously. The Congregationalist church caught the fire, and started meetings and labored for souls.

Brother and Sister Amos Longfellow furnished me a good home during the meetings, and many precious baptisms of the Spirit were given me there, as I plead with God in prayer. The Lord reward them a thousand fold. A Brother Smith took excellent care of my team. God bless him and his family.

While I was in the midst of the meetings at Machias, I received a letter from Rev. T. B. Tupper, of Calais, saying: 'We find ourselves in a hard place here. There is a breath of life, just a little moving among the dry bones; but we, for want of faith and spiritual strength, fail to move the poor souls and lead them to God, and we look to you, and say sincerely, "Come over and help us," and stay as long as you can. Write me when you will come, so that I can appoint the meetings and make the most of them.' This appeared like a providential opening; still I could hardly feel to leave Machias so soon. By some strange providence the letter was some eight or ten days in reaching me. This gave me more time at Machias.

In my closet, in the immediate presence of God, I sought to know my duty, and it was plain that I ought to go to Calais; and while I was looking over my labors and responsibilities, and feeling that I was not perhaps doing all that I might for God, not saving so many souls converted or sanctified, I opened the hymn-book to these words, and they were as precious ointment to my head, and they cheered my heart just as really as though God had spoken to me in voice:

'Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,—
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:

'Who 'points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He will direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

'Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

'No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

'Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

'Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

'Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sinks thy spirit down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

'What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

'Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou, wondering o'er his way,
How wise, how strong his hand.

‘Far,—far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.’

How infinitely precious were these words to my poor heart! how they soothed my soul, and encouraged my faith! Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! I had not spent a single night at home for five weeks, and now I must go immediately to Milltown, Calais. It is forty miles away, and it rains all day; but I pushed through the spring mud and reached Brother Wood’s hospitable home just in season to appoint a meeting that night. I found their faith was small, and their expectations were cut off, for they had had meetings some time, and some had risen for prayers, but they had not found peace.

I felt sure of victory, and began to encourage them to hope, by discoursing on the parable of the unjust judge and the poor widow, assuring them that God would avenge his own elect, that ‘cried day and night unto him.’ Faith increased, a point was made, and good was the result. The next day was the Sabbath, and I preached on the gift of the Holy Ghost all day. At the close of the afternoon sermon, many bowed about the altar and received the heavenly anointing; it was a real pentecost. The work went on from that hour gloriously. At the six o’clock meeting a number of men came forward for

prayers, and some of them found peace, among the rest William Higgins, a store-keeper, who makes a strong man for God. We had meetings at five o'clock in the morning to suit those who could not come otherwise till evening. They were precious seasons, but they almost cost me my health, for I would not get to bed till late, and needed rest. I was almost worn out and sick, and but for the kind care of my heavenly Father, and Mrs. C. Estabrook and others, I should have failed. It was the spring of the year and the weather was damp; the cellar vestry was low and unhealthy; they burned wet, slabby wood, and I had worked so hard all the winter and spring, that I came very near being sick; but I lived through it. Glory to God! I would not tempt God by repeating it. Rev. Mr. Smith, from St. Stephens, was very useful in labor and faith. Milltown is a wicked place. Many of the mill men have formed the habit of drinking, and swearing was very common, and God by his Spirit arrested the sinner, and stopped the mouths of swearers, and sent an awe over the community. We had meetings every night for two weeks, and more than one hundred came forward for prayers, and most of them were happy in the Saviour's love. Seventy-three joined the class. I baptized eleven adults and four children, and nine renewed their baptismal vows. Two of the converts were called to preach.

Annie Fleming was sickly, but able to come to meeting. She found peace, followed Christ in baptism, and has since gone home to glory. Praise God for the prospect of meeting!

Mary and Annie Barclay were soundly converted, and began to pray for their father, who was a very likely man, and at the head of the fire department of the city. The Holy Ghost reached his heart. I had a number of talks with him, and at length he came forward the whole length of the house as deliberately as possible, and Mr. Babb, the miller, came with him, and they are excellent men and Christians to-day.

Stephen Rodgers and wife were among those generous-hearted and moral people, who almost think they are good enough without religion; but the Spirit touched their hearts. The wife first found Jesus. Brother Rodgers was so troubled in mind that he would not go to the meetings, but he declared that the very sound of the church bell troubled him, and at length he yielded, and so did Eddie, their oldest boy, and Izzetta, their youngest girl. This is truly a Christian home where any of God's dear ministers may find the kindest care. Three of their children found Christ.

Charles Estabrook was a fast young man, and going down to death and hell; but Brother Wood brought him into the inquiry meeting one evening

He had no idea of yielding to Christ, but something touched his heart; he bowed and wept, and after a while he became a solid Christian. God called him to the work of the ministry, and he has concluded to sell out his business and follow in the foot-steps of the Son of God. His wife also was a happy convert of much promise.

John Higgins was a sober, candid man before this time, and had had some idea of religion, but failed to obey. Now he found Jesus, and is willing to follow the call to preach. His wife also gave her heart to Jesus, and, in a quiet and steady way, she follows the Lamb.

Brother Tupper, the minister, lived at Calais, had poor health, was getting ready for a journey, and so did not come to meeting much; but the Lord helped, and all was well. Best of all, the converts, as a whole, remain faithful, and it is plain that the work is as of the Lord.

REMOVED TO WHITING.

Just about this time my family was packing our goods to move from East Machias to Whiting. Here we found kind neighbors, and formed many pleasant associations. This enabled me to finish up the new meeting-house matters, and to work on the land in the summer, and so keep up my bodily strength. And my children were fully satisfied, es-

pecially Charlie, who said, 'What will you do with us, father?' at the time I was fully baptized for evangelical labor.

I continued to go to Milltown, and spent my Conference week there, and the most glorious love-feast that ever fell to mortals, almost, was given to us on the Conference Sabbath morning. It was a perfect shower of grace, a flood of mercy. How God paid me for staying away from Conference. On my way to Milltown, I called and spent the night at Wesley, and most glorious was the change in that town. More and more were converted at Milltown while I was there, and the converts waxed stronger and stronger.

'Why don't you come to Marshfield, Mr. Davies?' This question was asked me many times. 'I do not see the finger of Providence point,' was my reply. But at Sister Hall's, at Connecticut Mills, I found a young lady from Marshfield who was so willing to be converted, that she was saved in ten minutes after I began to speak to her, and it was a genuine work, so that she both spoke and prayed in a meeting that night at her grandmother Hall's, to the astonishment of all who knew her. Then I could see the providence of God pointing me to Marshfield, and I determined to go the first opportunity.

Marshfield is a well-to-do town just back of Ma-

chias, beautiful for situation, with a sober and enterprising community. There were a few scattered Congregationalist members in town, but they were so cold they could hardly keep up their meetings. They had a good Sabbath school, and were inclined toward morality and good society. There was here and there a Methodist, but no Methodist meetings had been held there for a long time.

As I rode into town one man said, 'That minister's horse shall have no hay out my barn.' 'But he shall out of mine,' said the other. I found a home at Mr. John Harmon's, who had a good share of common sense, and was willing to see the community profited by a revival, and to bear his part of the expense; and so was an old Brother Crocker, who used to belong to the Congregationalist church, but was now maintaining family prayer, but destitute of the power of godliness. He said to me, 'Mr. Davies, you have got a hard job before you here. I don't know that you will have any success.' 'Why! I want fifty souls out of this town,' I replied.

I went to work. The people had not been used to Methodist preaching or usages, and it was quite novel to them to see how I carried on the meetings; but for the first few nights I had to do about all the work myself, except the young lady that was converted at Sister Hall's. I preached the whole truth, and sang, and prayed, and humbled myself before

God in the very dust. The Spirit was poured out. Sinners began to come to Christ, and some of the best men of the town found salvation, and they kept the meetings going every night even through haying-time. They had seen nothing of the kind for many, many years. Laborers from Machias came over and did excellent service. Most prominent was Dr. Bailey; he believes in the higher life, and God made him quite useful. This glorious work went on so quietly and efficiently, that the whole town felt the power, and the whole face of the community was changed, and about fifty souls were saved. The Congregationalists founded or organized a church and took in twenty-nine members, and they are trying to build a meeting-house. The Methodists still maintain their class-meetings, and have about twenty members.

This work was most blessed indeed, and served to convince me more and more that the Lord directed my steps, and gave efficiency to my labors. The ladies of the two societies, wishing to show their love and good-will, and the unity that prevailed among them, made a very excellent album quilt and gave to my wife. May God bless them all forever! It is just to say that a student came to labor in the town soon after the reformation broke out, and did what he could in his youth to help it forward.

HADLEY'S LAKE

Is near Marshfield, and the Holy Spirit led me to go there occasionally, and quite an interest started, and a few were saved ; but the people were so worldly they could not stop to let God bless them, and some of them were so full of prejudice that they were hardly willing to have salvation, unless it came through the church to which some of them belonged, and, although I am not a prophet, I will venture to say it will be twenty-five years before God will send another such earnest laborer among them. Besides, the people of Marshfield came over night after night and were very anxious for them, and I offered to stay away from camp-meeting to do them good. But one went to his farm, and another to his merchandise, and I fear many will go down to eternal death, because that people did not know the day of their visitation. No wonder they did not offer me a single cent for my repeated visits. 'How oft I would have gathered them, but they would not.' Lord have mercy !

CHAPTER XII.

WORK OF AN EVANGELIST.

‘ See how great a flame aspires
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus’ love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

CUTLER

Is a sea-port town of extended territory and fine harbor. The people had made several attempts to build a meeting-house; had it up and shingled. The gale blew it over. They rallied again, but stopped for want of funds. They were discouraged, and the building committee said they would go ahead and strive to finish it if I would help them. I agreed to do so, and they appointed me financial agent, and the Conference put this town under my care as well as Whiting, that I might help to finish this church.

I carried a subscription paper with me to National camp-meeting and got about sixty-five dollars. I begged about fifty dollars at Northport camp-meet-

ing, and about seventy-five dollars at Richmond, and sixty dollars of Mrs. Pope, of Boston. The church went on. One of the committee said I should never be able to finish it without going out of town and hiring one thousand dollars; but I did, without hiring a cent. Many in town were bitterly opposed to it, and did all they could to stop it, and hinder others; but God took the curse off, and put the blessing on, and God's blessing was stronger than their curse. So the work went forward.

Then they were resolved they would not buy any pews; but on the day of dedication there was such a spirit came over the people that the pews all sold, and there was a general cry for more. This strengthened my faith, and made them all see that prayer had power in temporal, as well as in spiritual things.

I worked hard for Cutler, and saw but few souls saved, because it was not strictly in my line, and because I could not spare the time, as the calls for labor were so great elsewhere; but I secured the meeting-house, and the sale of it, sowed much good seed, and prepared the way for some other man. The Lord mightily bless Cutler, and all the dear people! Amen.

ROUND LAKE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING, 1871.

I felt that I must go to that meeting, as it was such a great blessing to me years before. Samuel

Longfellow, of Machias, was my traveling companion, and I enjoyed his company richly. We found that we could go right on from Albany, New York, to Niagara Falls in about fourteen hours, and as he had money we went on to see that wonder of the world. I went down, down, down, till I stood under a part of the falls, and that water fell at my feet and its spray covered me. I looked up and caught the inspiration of that mighty scene, and shouted in adoration of the Almighty God. It seemed to me like the everlasting flow of his love, that boundless stream that reaches the whole creation. The continuity of it struck me. To see a wonder in the form of a miracle performed for a moment is striking; but to see this living miracle, to realize that it had flowed on from century to century and from age to age, was an overwhelming thought. Flow on thou glorious embodiment of power; thou picture of eternity; thou monument of God's erection,—with everlasting speech speaking his glory!

I was wonderfully blessed at the camp-meeting. The sermons and songs, prayers and testimonies, influence from earth and heaven, made it the best school of practical and experimental divinity I ever attended. I was especially blessed one evening while talking with Rev. W. P. Ray, of East Cambridge; his experience is indeed wonderful; how intimately he walks with God, how they talk to-

gether ; how he understands the mind of God in relation to his duty. We walked and talked three hours, and were gloriously blessed, till our hearts became as the heart of one man. Then I walked the grove alone, and there followed me the same voice that I heard in Dresden, saying, ‘Lacked ye anything?’ that is, since I had trusted him to support me, after I gave up an income from worldly matters. ‘Nay, Lord,’ my soul replied, ‘I have everything.’ ‘Lacked ye anything?’ said God. ‘Nay, Lord, I have everything and abound.’ Like as he asked Peter the third time, ‘Lovest thou me?’ so the voice still asked, ‘Lacked ye anything?’ ‘Nay, Lord, I have all things.’ Oh how this strengthened my faith, to think that God had not forgotten his promise ; that he still watched over me, and was ready to supply all my need. Glory to his name ! Jesus has taken me into partnership with him, and he supplies what I lack.

‘How can I sink with such a prop,
That holds the world and all things up.’

I find written in my diary of this camp-meeting as follows : ‘The mighty fire spread, and hundreds of ministers and people plunged anew into the purple flood, and arose in all the likeness of God. My own soul was wonderfully blessed. I gave myself anew into the hands of God, and he filled me with his

Spirit, and satisfied me with the fullness of his salvation. Glory! Glory!! I am seeking to have more of the mind of Jesus. Oh for his gentleness, meekness, patience, and long-suffering, that I may always fully reflect his likeness to the world.'

Immediately after this writing is the following: 'Glory! Glory!! for God's unspeakable mercy bestowed upon Whiting yesterday. In the morning I talked with the children of the Sabbath school instead of preaching, and God poured out his Spirit and melted the hearts of quite a number, and they came forward for prayers, and some of them were converted. Praise God, forever and ever! This had a blessed effect upon the parents, and they wept before the Lord. This shows me again the blessedness of allowing the leadings of the Spirit, and not be confined to any particular form. I felt that God would bless the efforts more a great deal than he would my preaching the usual sermon. This also showed the benefit of having a meeting-house of our own, where we could hold just such service as we pleased, and where we could train up our own children in our own way; and this was one reason why I determined to have our own meeting-house.'

MAINE STATE CAMP-MEETING FOR HOLINESS.

This meeting was a great benefit for me and for others. There were quite a number of ministers

who opposed it when it began, who felt its power, and wheeled into line before its close. This meeting was held at Richmond camp-ground, which was dedicated for holiness from the first, for I was called upon to preach the first sermon, and it was upon 'Wilt thou be made whole?' and many were made whole from that hour. We were obliged to maintain this subject in spite of opposition, but we prevailed, so that the National camp-meeting for holiness found that ground prepared this year, and the committee say that they began this meeting when they had to leave off at some others. So far even the people prepared for the movement.

NORTHPORT CAMP-MEETING

Is on the Penobscot Bay, and is a Conference camp-meeting. I was enabled to go this fall, and was successful in persuading men to come to Christ. The work of holiness went on gloriously the first few days, and I felt that we ought to make a solid and earnest effort to lead sinners to God. So on Wednesday evening I went on the stand for ministers and began to pray after the meeting was opened, and continued in prayer for a long time, till I was in an agony of soul. The flame spread; others followed in prayer. The power of God fell on me, and the work of conversion went on with power. I fear sinners are overlooked at camp-meetings too

often; and while we ought to toil for the salvation of the church from all sin, still we should make all our holiness tell for the salvation of souls. I told them candidly of the mighty baptism God had given me, and of my willingness to do, dare, or die in the discharge of the duties of this life-long mission as an Evangelist.

EAST MACHIAS CAMP-MEETING

Was a blessed success this fall. I was called upon to preach three times; held some holiness meetings, and a number of children's meetings. A number of children were converted, and much good seed was sown, to spring up in other days. A neighbor of mine, sixty-three years of age, was happily converted. The parting night was very interesting,—tears, shouts, hand shakes, and mutual farewells. Never all to meet again. It was exceedingly affecting to see the three Hanscom brothers, all ministers, standing side by side weeping and shouting; and especially, when their old father came round to shake hands with them, his heart seemed to melt within him, and God baptized us all with the Holy Ghost. Eternity will not wipe out the remembrance of that night.

About this time I was graciously blessed in my closet while reading John 12: 26, 'If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am there shall

also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor.' Glory to God! I am a servant of Jesus, and he will bring me safely through. I am serving Christ, and he is with me; and the Father honors me, and that is honor enough.

NORTHFIELD GROVE MEETING.

At East Machias camp-meeting I appointed three grove meetings, one at Northfield, one at Whiting, and one at Milltown. One miserly man said 'it would cost the town of Northfield three hundred dollars to have a grove meeting,' and he would have stopped it if he had been able. When the Holy Ghost came down and the young men were forward for prayers crying for mercy, I asked 'how many dollars that was worth?' Many opposed the meeting and would not have it on their land, but Brother Charles Gardiner was determined to have it, and pitched it on his own land. I took up my family tent and all my family, and stayed on the ground nights, while all but my family went to their homes. The wild beasts were round us, but God protected us. The frost was quite sharp one night, still we were comfortable; our stove was out of doors, and it was quite cooling to go out on that frosty morning and prepare breakfast. We had the sacrament of the Lord's supper on the ground, and eleven joined the church, and four more joined on probation.

While this meeting was in progress, the Congregationalists held a council in Marshfield, and organized a church, taking in twenty-nine new members as the result of the revival I mentioned elsewhere. I am sorry to record that they failed to give credit to the fact, that this work of grace began and was carried forward mainly by Methodist instrumentality. But the Lord kept the records of eternity right, and we can fully afford to wait. Rev. S. H. Beale labored well at this grove meeting.

WHITING GROVE MEETING.

The Lord accomplished such wonders at this meeting a year ago, that we deemed it wise to hold another. Every foot of that ground was sacred, for it had all been pervaded with the divine presence. Oh how precious is the very place where we meet God! Jacob could never forget the spot where he wrestled with the angel and prevailed, and this place had become most sacred to hundreds of sinners and saints. The same Holy Spirit was with us the second year, and we were again baptized with the Holy Ghost, especially in the tent while engaged in silent prayer. Oh it was so sweet, and one of the converts of the year before told me that just as we ceased to pray aloud and waited in holy silence on our knees, she was filled with the Holy Ghost and sanctified wholly. Two ministers, Brothers Haskel

and Hanscom, testify to the same glorious experience at the same time. How the converts rejoiced to come to the same place and renew their vows. Father Foster, of Marion, was among the rest, and soon after he was taken sick and tested his religion in the dying hour, and could sing:

‘O grave! where is thy victory?’
O death! where is thy sting?’

But few were converted at this meeting, from the fact that everybody who had any idea of being a Christian had started before.

MILLTOWN GROVE MEETING.

I left Whiting grove on Friday, preached at Cutler on Sunday, took cold through a draft in my rear while preaching, returned home after the afternoon meeting so sick I could hardly stand, went to bed, took a sweat, was quite feeble in the morning; but I was engaged to be at Calais or Milltown grove meeting, to conduct the opening services at two o'clock P. M. I waited for the sun to warm the air, and started with my family, rode to Milltown thirty miles, took dinner at Brother N. Higgins', reached the grove at half-past two. The pastor would not commence till I arrived. The stand was built, and the seats most ready, but the society was divided about putting up the tent. The meeting went on a few

days and not a soul was saved, and the brethren were almost spell-bound by the powers of darkness. I told them to put up the tent, and fill out the proposed programme, and victory would come. They did so. Then I told them we would have the victory, or I would be buried in the city, for I would never leave the spot till victory came. I threw myself in the gap to dare or die. I fell on my knees before all the ministers and people, and began to plead with God for salvation; my faith increased as I held on, and the victory came, yet it was a hard fight, hand to hand; but sinners began to yield, and backsliders returned home.

The first convert was Willie Rodgers, son of Stephen Rodgers. The boy was not able to go to the grove, but I talked with him one morning and God touched his heart. We bowed together in prayer, both kneeling at one chair. I prayed, and he followed, and God spoke peace to his soul, and he triumphed gloriously all through his sickness, and went home to heaven, 'washed in the blood of the Lamb,' beseeching his friends not 'to weep for him, but to meet him in heaven.' Precious Willie promised to wait at the gate of glory to meet me on my arrival.

It was the twenty-fifth of September when the grove meeting began, and it was quite chilly, especially at night, and all the people left the ground to

sleep in the houses ; but I felt it my duty to sleep on the ground, and the friends kindly furnished me a bed, and Brother Newman stayed with me, and we slept finely in that cool air, and kept the altar fires burning all night, and claimed the victory from day to-day. This may seem strange to some, but it was laid upon me to stay on the ground, and I could not have exercised faith if I had disobeyed orders. Faith and obedience must go together. 'Faith without works is dead, being alone.' Many forfeit their confidence at this point. They are afraid to step out of the ordinary line, to please God or save souls, lest some one should say they are peculiar, and so they lose their power. 'How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and not the honor that cometh from God only.' Many revival efforts fail just at this point. Some scruple of propriety may come up, and some people will not move out of the ordinary way to save souls from everlasting destruction ; but I am just fool enough to follow God through the Red Sea or the fiery furnace, let men or devils mock or rage.

We pushed along the meetings day and night, the tide of salvation set in, faith increased, mighty prayers were offered. The converts of the spring were just on hand, especially John Higgins, C. Estabrook, Stephen Rodgers, and William Higgins. We had some seasons of silent prayer at the stand in the

morning meetings that were wonderful; the power of God would come down as silent as the dew, but as powerful as the lightning. Oh the power of silent faith and prayer while waiting before the Lord, willing for God to have his own way! Dear reader, try it. It is a glorious exercise.

The masses of the people came in the evening, and they were very orderly, and personal efforts were made to bring them to Christ, and not in vain. Hardened sinners bowed at the mercy-seat and were saved. Among the rest a leading man in the saw-mill who was hard of heart, and talked so contrary to his father about religion that he hurt his feelings, and the father would not stop to supper with him, but returned home across the river. This cut the man's heart. 'What a wicked wretch I am to drive my own father away from me. What shall I do? I will go up to that grove meeting.' He came, and the power of God led him a willing captive at the Saviour's feet. He was just as valiant for God as he had been for the devil.

The weather was fine most of the time, and the meetings continued till it was thought best to go to the meeting-house. The Lord went with us. I shall never forget one Sunday morning meeting in the vestry. We had had a season of silent prayer, and soon after the power of God came down, so that we all fell upon our knees before the Lord just

where we were, some in the middle of the floor, and to any one just coming in, it might seem to be all confusion, but it was God's order. There sat an old man of seventy years; his wife asked him to go forward for prayers; he never moved. Soon his youngest daughter made up her mind to be a Christian, and started for the altar; when she requested father to come he started in a moment, and it was a melting scene to see so many bow before the Lord. It was a real pentecost. Glory be to God!

This work went on day and night till more than one hundred were forward for prayers, and most of them found Jesus, so that the fall revival was greater than the spring revival; and this was a new experience to me, for I had not yet had time to go twice to any place before, to have a revival, since I received the mighty baptism, and it seemed to strengthen my faith, and I understood more fully the meaning of the poet:

‘Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it shall be done.’

Brothers Smith, McKeown, Haskel, Beale, and the pastor helped in the meetings, and God blessed their labors. I forbear to mention the pastor's name, because he fell into sin, and left the church. This was a mighty trial to the church and the con-

verts, but they stood well, and God blessed them. They make a solid body of believers, and I rejoice that Rev. A. S. Townsend is the pastor now, and they will be well cared for.

That fall God gave us mercy drops at Whiting; eight or ten found peace, and the church was quickened.

1871, Nov. 11. My soul lies in the dust. I am fully satisfied that I am weak as water, helpless as a child. Haycock's Harbor is still favored. Three came forward the last time I was there.

Nov. 17. I start to Haycock's Harbor this morning, to Cutler to-morrow to spend the Sabbath, and to Columbia Falls on Monday to help Brother Blagden. He says in a letter: 'There is no church here, and only a few members, and they are old and cannot attend meeting much, and that we shall have to depend upon God.' How true this is, 'We shall have to depend upon God.' This would be equally true if we had a house full of members. We *will* depend upon God, and so we shall not be confounded. Glory be to God! souls will be converted, backsliders will be reclaimed. My soul depends upon God, he will save.

Nov. 29. I have spent nine days at Columbia Falls, and preached fifteen sermons. I never saw a place so spiritually dead for its size. The men seemed determined they would not be saved, but

three or four men profess religion in the place, and these could hardly keep themselves alive amid so much death. So the poor minister toiled on almost alone, and if one was convicted, the rest would keep him back if possible. Two men who had long struggled with conviction came forward and found Christ, and a few women and children. I was wonderfully drawn out in prayer for the place, and shall still look for answers to prayer; eight were baptized, and two more would have gone forward, but their health would not allow. I made many pleasant pastoral calls, and much good was done to many souls who had not courage to come forward and profess Christ. The minister was blessed and encouraged, and also his wife. The Lord bless them more and more; it was their first year in the itinerancy, and it was a hard lot, but they lived through it well. The former pastor had been there three years, and never had a class-meeting. Had a cold rough ride home. Found my family well. I am laid under great obligations to God for his continued mercies. About twelve were converted at the Falls; some reclaimed. It was a glorious victory for the place.

Dec. 9. This week I have been at Marshfield. It is blessed to see what a change there is in the town since I came here in May. Had much liberty in preaching from 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;' quite a

number rose for prayers. Three came forward, two were converted just there. Mr. Campbell was reclaimed; he has since been quite sick with consumption.

PEMBROKE.

Dec. 11, 1871. This is one of the hardest places I ever visited. It seemed as though Satan had had his own way so long, that he was determined to head me off in every attempt, and to drive me out of town. To gain a foothold I sent word that I would deliver a temperance lecture, but the temperance club would not give up their hall. So this failed. The pastor, Brother Desbrisay appointed meetings at the Iron Works village, where there was a noble band of Englishmen, who had stood by Methodism when a minister had robbed them of their Sabbath-school money, and lied to them about it time after time. The Lord alone knows what they had suffered, and the whole community was against us, and looked on with prejudice and suspicion, not sure that they could trust anybody, especially a minister. I stood and bore the whole, and was willing to suffer, so I could redeem the place from the hands of the devil. Many a battle did I have with his satanic majesty; it seemed as though he would defy me, and he had some agents to help him in a human form, and still I would not give up.

God helped in preaching from ‘Have faith in God.’ I gained on their confidence. The old members began to melt before the Lord, and pray in earnest and confess their sins. I lay low at Jesus’ feet, sure that he would save.

Saturday morning at Capt. Owen’s. How mightily God melted my soul while at prayer in his parlor. I was reading the account of Moses pleading with God when the people were threatened with destruction; how Moses mentioned the many mercies God had already bestowed, and took advantage of past mercies to pray for present favors, and so strong was his faith that God cried out, ‘I have pardoned according to thy word.’ This was so plain a case of intercessory prayer, and was so appropriate to my case, that my heart melted. I fell to the floor and pled with God for victory; and as God had given me victory elsewhere, I had confidence that he would here, and I would and did trust him.

‘Oh wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the Almighty grace!
God’s hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays;
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out,—Let me alone.’

I went into the pulpit and preached on the same subject, and I never saw or felt so much of the power of intercessory prayer. Here was Moses plead-

ing for that mighty people whom God threatened to destroy, and no sooner had he finished his short prayer than the Lord answered: 'I have pardoned according to thy word.' And when I read, 'Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people according to the greatness of thy mercy, as thou hast forgiven this people from Egypt until now,' it flashed before my mind like a vision, how God had forgiven the people of this country from the time I began in Lubec till now. I took courage to believe that he would save Pembroke. After preaching, all the members came forward, and two of the children of Brother Turner, so the tide of battle turned for God.

Pembroke, Dec. 19. Glory to God for the victories of yesterday! I preached from 'Wilt thou be made whole?' and 'If thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God,' and 'He tasted death for every man.' The power of the Lord was felt. Nearly the whole congregation rose for prayers in the morning. About thirty stayed to class-meeting in the evening. One woman was reclaimed, and was so happy, that she almost danced for joy. A young woman came forward for prayers. A poor drunkard called at my house after meeting and said the preaching had touched his heart, and, after praying for him, he was willing to sign the pledge. Prejudice gives way.

The next week I opened children's meetings, and quite a number of them were carried to the bosom of Christ.

Whiting, December. I am at home. Glorious time at Pembroke last Sabbath. Mrs. Hamilton and Charles Leighton were converted in the evening, and another reclaimed, and the old saints almost shouted for joy. My own heart was gloriously comforted. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!

This work took such a start at the Iron Works village that they went on till the next Conference. They took a minister all the time, and I had a very blessed letter sent to me at the request of the people.

CHAPTER XIII.

STILL PURSUING THE EVANGELICAL WORK.

‘ Jesus shall reign where’er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.’

I HAD taxed my body and soul to the utmost and needed rest. I reached home, and God sent a snow-storm and blocked me in, while I sweetly waited at the feet of Jesus waiting for his orders, ready to go anywhere.

EAST MACHIAS.

To fill up my time and clear my soul of the blood of the people at this place, at the request of Brother Nash, Baptist, I started meetings in his vestry. There had been no revival here for many, many years, and I am told that the last revival was killed out by the quarreling of professors about what church the converts should join. This is the devil’s policy, and often leads to the devil’s revival, and grieves the Holy Ghost for years. I could only stay

four nights. God met us. The Christians of different denominations were graciously blessed. The children's meetings were very profitable. The results will tell in eternity.

South Pembroke, Feb. 14. Here I am mysteriously led. I expected to be at Machiasport, helping Rev. S. H. Beale, but he was not ready till to-night, so I came over after my sleigh, and found a protracted meeting going on; was induced to stay one night. Four unconverted persons and one backslider came forward for prayers, and nothing would do, I must stay longer. Others rose for prayers. They promised to attend three meetings the next day if I would stay. Brother Beale expects me to-night, but it looks like a storm, and he cannot begin in a storm, but we can carry on this meeting. I stayed a few days and the good work went on gloriously; some one saved in every meeting. The Lord preserve them!

Machiasport, Feb. 21. Glory to God! Surely the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. I am now satisfied it was right for me to remain as I did at Pembroke. A man and his wife, a married woman, some young people, an aged mother, and the last night a young man, wept before the Lord and promised to be Christians.

The first night at Machiasport I related my experience, and God blessed it to the people. Then I

preached on 'Faith,' and was wonderfully set at liberty, particularly dwelling upon the Holy Ghost as the indwelling sanctifier of God's people. The word went home in special power, and some seventy-five stayed to an inquiry meeting, and most of them were professors of different denominations, and testified that they wanted the gift of the Holy Ghost, and some were blessed on the spot. The unconverted seemed to embrace a religion that had power and spirit in it. Glory to God!

The meetings last night and last week convinced me more fully that God would have me for an Evangelist, and lead thousands to Jesus.

In my closet this morning I was reading of the mighty outpouring of the Spirit at Massena, New York, under the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and I was asking the blessed God if there was anything else wanted in my consecration, that I may have the very same power attending my labors; that I might have marvellous manifestations of God everywhere. I could not see anything else that God required. And as my motives were pure, God will give the Holy Ghost *everywhere*, and I will trust God for it, and will give the glory to God for all that is done. Lord help me!

Machiasport, Thursday. Yesterday the meetings were glorious. In the morning I still urged the privilege of receiving the Holy Ghost, and God

touched their hearts. Then I preached on secret prayer. In the afternoon on 'Have faith in God.' Many came forward for their dear friends, and about a dozen prayers were offered in sighs and cries, and our faith centered in God.

In the evening I was aided in preaching on the death of Jesus. The baser sort of boys disturbed the meeting sadly. But one backslider was reclaimed. I have been humbling myself before God this morning on account of the sad state of the sinner, and pleading with the Almighty for salvation to-day. My soul cries out for the living God. I am sweetly kept in my own soul, and I have an unusual tenderness of Spirit. I feel like weeping for sinners, and, by continual prayer in the closet, I am 'changed into the same image of Jesus,' even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

I have one of the best homes I ever had at Captain Mitchell's. He is at the South, but his wife is an excellent, earnest, Christian lady, and yesterday she obtained the witness of full salvation. The son yielded to God in family prayer last night. I was gloriously blessed in reading of Mrs. Smith (colored) in the *Home Journal*. She says she has 'learned to walk where she cannot see a step before her, and step right out any way and he saves.' She has traveled through New England with no other promise or preparation than the word of Jesus. 'I

will set before thee an open door, and no man shall shut it.' Oh for a little more faith in Jesus!

Whiting, Feb. 24. Just reached home from Machiasport, family well, health good, a little worn and weary, but in good faith and hope. Found a letter from Captain James Wass, of Addison, as follows: 'We have quite a good interest begun here, and we need your assistance very much. Sinners are inquiring the way to Him. Brother Dunton is doing all he can, but he needs help *now*. Will you come immediately. The interest of our Redeemer's kingdom demands it here, and we hope you will be able to come, if you cannot stop more than two or three days.'

I went to Cutler on Sunday, and back to Machiasport on Monday, and stayed till Thursday, making my home at Captain Coffin's. They were exceedingly kind, God bless them! The meetings went on gloriously, and Brother Beale continued them, and God sent a young minister who stayed there all the time, and they did nobly in supporting him, and God blessed them more and more.

I started to Addison on Thursday morning, singing of and feeling the very same power which they had at pentecost. They had had excellent meetings, and a number were almost persuaded to come to Jesus; but there was a weakness of faith which held them back. The first afternoon the spell broke.

The church came forward for prayers. The Holy Ghost fell upon them. The sinners wept, and some of them came forward for prayers. It was a real pentecost; the whole region of country was stirred; they came over the river from Harrington and found peace in the first meeting. I could only stay two nights, but we had meetings all the time, and God opened the windows of heaven and flooded the place. Praise God!

I found it quite an embarrassment to have to return to my people over the Sabbath. It would often compel me to leave a meeting just in the midst of it, or stay and disappoint my people at home. So I find in my journal of this time as follows: 'I am purposed next year to give up pastoral work, and go into the work of reformatations. I was quite weary last night, but am all well this morning. I went to Marshfield and preached yesterday, and God blessed the little band. My soul is humbled in the dust. I give the glory to God. Hallelujah! Jesus saves to the uttermost just now.'

March 6. This has been a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. My soul has waited before God in my closet, and God has baptized me anew for the work of an Evangelist. I am fully purposed to follow out the leadings of the Spirit. I was wonderfully blessed in reading the pentecostal remarks of Professor Finney. It is a wonderful record. My

soul and body shall be a habitation of God through the Spirit. I will cherish the blessed Spirit and yield to his drawings, and be filled with the very same power which they had at pentecost. Hallelujah!

God gave me special liberty in preaching at Machias from 'If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed,' and upon the 'Pentecost.' Very full house and special attention.

HOME FOR A WEEK.

March 8. This has been a stormy week; the snow blocked the roads so that I had to stay at home. It is now Friday P. M., and the snow blows a gale by my window, and the roads are impassable. I have spent my time in recruiting my body, refreshing my soul in prayer and in closet devotions, by which my faith has been increased. I read 'Pen-uel' all the forenoon, and 'Caughey's Methodism in Earnest' this P. M. My soul firmly trusts in God for still greater success in winning souls. God will go with me, and many shall turn to Jesus, yea, I expect to see thousands saved. I am ready as much as lieth in me to make any sacrifice for Jesus.

I am living in a small house which some may despise, but 1. It is my own. I finished paying for it this week. 2. It is comfortable. 3. This week I have made it my closet by setting apart one room for

continued closet devotion. 4. It is in a good neighborhood. 5. It is near the new church I built last year. 6. I can get wood in abundance cheap. 7. I can cut hay for my horse on the two acres of land. 8. I can recruit my health in the summer by working on the land and haying. 9. It is as near to glory as any place I know. 10. If I should die, my family would be as well off here as any place I know. 11. It is within reach of many of the places where God would have me labor. 12. Next year I purpose to virtually locate, and take no pastoral work except Whiting. This calls for faith, but I thank God my faith does not fail. God has all the resources *temporal* and *spiritual* in his hands, and he will supply all my need. 13. This is the very place which God in his providence gave me when I needed it, that I might go forth and do the work of an Evangelist. Hallelujah! I am trusting in Jesus. 14. Out of this home I shall not move till the eternal God orders me. 15. It is a test of my humility that I have so small and insignificant a house, when I have had better houses ever since I began to preach. Jesus appoints my lot, and I sit down and am satisfied. Glory!

WHITNEYVILLE.

About this time I made my second visit to this place. I found the converts of last spring, as a

whole, still standing fast in the Lord. I spent one of the best weeks of my life with them. I had a precious melting spirit upon me, and we held twenty-one social meetings, and I preached fifteen sermons. How precious these meetings. How glorious to see the converts faithful, and to see others coming in. It was indeed precious to see this good work go forward. Among the new converts was a man of sixty years. His wife had prayed for him about thirty years. He had always been a willing supporter of the cause of Christ, with an open house for ministers. I thought he was a Christian, so I kept calling him brother, and told him I should do so till he was converted, and then I would for life. The inquiry meetings were in his house, and he would come into one door and stay awhile, and then go out at another, as restless as sinners are, afraid to give up, yet not at ease. Sometimes he would kneel at prayer time, but was afraid to commit himself. This went on till one night he made up his mind that he would go forward for prayers, but never told anybody. He was in the rear of the house. When I invited them to rise, he did so. Then the devil said to him, 'Sit down, sit down, don't make a fool of yourself.' 'No, I'll stand my ground now any way.' 'But you cannot go forward for prayers if you try.' 'Well, I am determined to try any way.' So there he stood, and I think it was the first invita-

tion I had given for persons to come forward. So he started forward to the anxious seat, and all the people wondered ; it was as though a ring-leader had fallen among the enemies of God, and they began to think if such a man as that would start, it was time for them to move. His soul was mightily humbled, yet it seemed impossible for him to open his mouth in prayer. There was a mighty conflict and victory. At last he rose in the evening meeting and said he had 'resigned his commission in the rebel army.' He was a man of strong mind and fixed purpose, and of great capacity for usefulness. May he be faithful unto death, and gain a crown of life ; and may the name of S. S. Seavey be found on the book of life, when time shall be no more !

There was a Mr. Hurlbut whose head was silvered with age, and who had nobly stood in his country's defense, and was a kind-hearted man. Mighty convictions reached him the year before, but he would not yield, or he thought there were family troubles that would hinder him if he did start ; but a year ago he pledged if I held meetings there again, that he would begin to serve God. He was faithful in attending the meetings. The Spirit of God strove with him, but it was almost impossible for him to start, till one afternoon I preached from 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate,' and showed the uselessness of merely *seeking* to enter in. The

Spirit applied the word. With a mighty effort he came forward and wept and prayed, sighed and cried, trembled and believed, and the Lord came gloriously to his relief, and he was saved so sweetly that his testimony would melt the heart. There was such a sweet unction in his word, that it moved everybody who heard it. It is seldom that I find one so filled with the Spirit in their early experience.

THE CHILDREN'S MEETINGS

Were seasons of special interest. Quite a number of these precious souls were converted in these meetings. Glory to God! I desire no better business than to lead the dear children to Christ. When I consider that more than one-half of the nation is under the age of twenty years, I am impressed with the importance of saving them even now. Lord help! The spirit of holiness pervaded all our meetings, and did much to establish the converts of last year.

Some people were astonished that I should go there to hold meetings, when the Congregationalists got away most of the converts of last year, and when there was a strong feeling between the parties. It seemed almost impossible, but I knew, 1. If this spirit prevailed, then the place would be cursed. 2. That nothing but the charity of true piety could

save it. 3. No doubt too much effort was made to sway the converts. 4. No doubt the matter was rebuked too sharply in public, and a bad feeling was there; but light scatters the darkness, and God gloriously restored the people, and a blessed feeling of brotherly love pervaded the place. May they always be

‘ of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like their Lord.’

I have the pleasantest recollections of Whitneyville and the dear people. May they still go on and prosper more and more!

Machias, March 27, 1872. This is my forty-second birthday. Glory to God, for all his mercies! I came here last night to help Brother Beale, and God gloriously blessed my soul as I rode in sight of the town, and while at my excellent boarding-place at Brother Samuel Longfellow's. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! I preached from ‘Have faith in God,’ and the dear brethren and sisters came forward for the fullness, and while bowed before God, I felt the power of God go through my entire being, body and soul. I distinctly felt the glow of heat go through my right hand. How precious to feel the mighty baptism come right down! Praise God! We shall have victory here through the blessed Jesus, who

conquers all. I lie at his feet and sweetly confide in his power and goodness.

ADDISON.

Addison, April 13. This has been a wonderful month to me. I came here to Indian River and staid a few days, and there was quite a stir and some rose for prayers, and the meeting-house was full, but I had to leave to go to Addison Point. Here God met us, and good was done. I found, in going round the next morning, that there was an opening for a reformation, and I started home with the purpose to return in two weeks; but as I rode out of the village the Holy Ghost came upon me, and I felt constrained to return and stay over the Sabbath. I did so, and continued the work till Tuesday evening, when the soul-converting power came down, and two souls at last came to Jesus. Much good seed was sown, and many good impressions were made. Robert Plumer was reclaimed, and many believers quickened. I then started for home. As I rode alone, I thought of the Hall school district in Addison, that I had rode through on my way to Indian River, where there had been but few religious meetings for a long time. As I thought of their destitution, and the opportunity to do them good, I began to feel a tremendous responsibility. 'To him that knoweth to do good and doeth

it not, to him it is sin.' I began to feel more and more, till I could go no further without incurring guilt. I stopped my horse, lifted my heart to God, and gained the promise of *souls for my hire*. I drove into the district. The first house I called at they had neither Bible nor hymn-book or other reading matter, but were willing to bow before God while I prayed and desired religion.

Father Merritt's was the next house. He was an old man and backslidden. His wife was much the same. His son Conant was married, and the Spirit of God had troubled him, and he had promised God that if he would send somebody along to start meetings, that he would rise for prayers and seek God. I found this out in conversation, and he pledged the same to me. There was the old man's married daughter almost persuaded, also another married son backslidden, his wife unconverted; all this people in one house who needed help. The old man said, 'A Methodist minister started a reformation here some twelve years ago. Some one went off and got a Baptist minister to baptize the converts. The other minister felt hurt. The converts went back, and there has been no reformation here since, and I told them there never would be any till some Methodist minister came and started it, and I don't know but you are the man.'

I gave out a meeting for the evening. The peo-

ple came out. The power came down. Conant Merritt came forward for prayers according to promise. I knelt beside him, put my hand upon him, and he trembled under the power of God, and the Spirit that filled my soul filled his. This was Wednesday night. I appointed three meetings for Thursday and three for Friday. Melting mercy came down, and great good was done. The whole district was moved. Some aged men found Christ, backsliders were reclaimed, young people submitted to Jesus. It is indeed glorious to see what a blessed work has been done in so short a time. Never were my labors blessed more under the circumstances than here. Many of the people are Baptists, but they find that the Methodist fire does them good.

I stayed till the next week. The snow went off, and I had to ride to East Machias with my sleigh on bare ground most of the way, and to walk a part of the way; but the reward of winning souls was my blessed compensation.

Brother Dunton continued to visit this place weekly, formed a Methodist class, and permanent good was done. I shall never forget the kind hospitality of Mrs. Coffin and family. Yea, all the families were very kind. God bless them!

ENLARGING THE PARSONAGE.

My home at Whiting was not large enough, so I felt compelled to put on a parlor and bed-room. I worked

on it with my hands, 1. Because help was scarce. 2. Because it was for my health to labor physically after so much nervous excitement in religious meetings. 3. Because I could get it done all the sooner, and so I could have more time to go into my loved work of soul-saving. 4. Because it was so hard for my family to have the care of the men in my absence.

Still, as I look back I am not quite sure but I missed the opportunity of having a revival at Campbelllo, while I was at work on the house. Still duty never calls two ways at one time. I would ever be led by the Holy Spirit, for this is the secret of all holy living. 'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.'

CHAPTER XIV.

‘ Oh for a thousand seraph tongues
To bless the incarnate Word!
Oh for a thousand thankful songs
In honor of my Lord!

‘ Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore the eternal Son.’

I HAD good news from Addison ; souls were still coming to Jesus, and the work was permanent. I find in my journal as follows :

May 12. This is the holy Sabbath, and I am peacefully at home, and me and my family are in excellent health. I have been restrained from the exhaustion of incessant labors in protracted meetings of late, by working on the enlargement of my house. I am doing this for Jesus, that my family may be made comfortable, while I go forth and engage in special efforts for the salvation of souls. I propose to itinerate more this year than ever ; to go into every open door, and lead multitudes to Jesus. Our class-meeting at Whiting was most precious. Last night Jesus was in the midst, and glory

crowned the mercy-seat. A lady from Bangor was converted. While I was speaking to her the Holy Ghost set home the word. Tears of penitence began to flow, the heart was broken up, and the weeping penitent was soon found at the mercy-seat. She looked to Jesus and found pardon, and went on her way rejoicing. Glory to God!

Whiting, May 22. God poured out his Spirit at Cutler last Sabbath, and the dear old saints almost shouted for joy. It was glorious indeed in the evening. God has opened my way to go to General Conference. This is altogether better than I expected. But this is just like my Jesus, who does so many things that exceed my expectations. It meets in Brooklyn, and I have business at New York, and this is one reason why I go. I have succeeded well on my house, and it is almost done.

Whiting, May 31. Have just returned from New York; had a fine time; have returned in excellent health, refreshed in body and soul. Had the unspeakable privilege of attending the holiness meetings at New York, in the rooms of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and also to take breakfast with them. This was a special favor. I also attended the Fulton street prayer-meeting. This is a noble institution which has done immense good for many years.

Brother John Higgins writes me from Milltown that one of the converts has died happy in the Lord,

and that Rev. Mr. Smith said in the funeral service that 'Brother Davis had another star in his crown of rejoicing.' Just about this time I received the following letter from Weston :

WESTON, May 19, 1872.

BROTHER DAVIES,—I saw you once at Hodgdon camp-meeting, and have read all your writings in 'Believer's Hand Book,' 'Herald,' 'Guide,' etc., with increasing interest and profit, so that I take a great interest in your labors, and I pray that God would make you an avalanche of power, a moral earthquake, so that you may truly be able to do the works that Christ did, and greater works than these. Oh! the mighty Comforter, convincing the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Hallelujah to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Brother Davies, I can say by the grace of God, 'complete in him.' One Mediator, Jesus, stands answerable. Jesus able to keep me from falling, ah more, able to present me faultless before his Father and the holy angels. Blessed Jesus, I would join with adoring angels and say amen. Hallelujah! our sins imputed to Christ, and his spotless righteousness imputed to us. Angels be amazed, seraphs wonder! Jesus all that the law requires for righteousness to all that believe. As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God. Now, blessed Je-

sus, house, hands, and heart open night and day, conditions fully met now. This *now* religion is just the religion which the devil hates above all others. If I cannot lay all on the altar now, when can I?’

Yours, &c.,

S. SMITH.

He pressed me hard to go up there and hold some meetings. His son writes at the same time:

‘I think you would find as good a chance to work for God in Weston as any other place on this earth. I know a revival of religion would be the result of your journey up here. I am in straitened circumstances, but will help to bear your expenses. Everything has seemed to go against us, still I am looking to God. I want to see you much. May God open your way to help us in our extremities. Don’t fail us if it is possible to come.

RANDOLPH, son of STEPHEN SMITH.

I hardly knew how to find time to go, as it was so near Conference, but I felt compelled to obey such a call. I find the following record in my diary;

June 7. Here I am, in the grand old Aroostook county for the first time, to hold meetings. I am at Brother Stephen Smith’s, a noble soul, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He has a family that appear to be all the Lord’s. I am here through much tribulation. Such awful, awful roads from Princeton

to Waite ! but oh, how much worse from Jackson Brook to Crooked Brook ! I was never so much discouraged in my life. I was almost tempted to turn back. The carriage would go down into such deep ruts, first on one side then on another, that it was almost impossible to sit in the wagon ; and both sides of the road, as well as the middle, were cut up dreadfully by heavy teams, so that for five miles my life was almost in danger ; besides, there had been so much rain, and the roads were so level, that they were awful muddy. It was such a long pull for my horse, which had carried me over so many thousands of miles. I was shaken dreadfully, so I became almost discouraged. It seemed awful to have such a piece of road between me and my family. I was almost tempted to turn back, when all at once something said to me, ‘Count your mercies.’ So I had a conversation with myself. ‘Have you good health?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘A good conscience?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘A good motive in your journey?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Good team, strong horse and wagon?’ ‘Yes.’ And so I went on till I began to shout ‘Glory to God!’ and the spell was broken, and I went on my way rejoicing. I reached Brother Smith’s about half-past seven o’clock Saturday p. m., making a day’s journey from Princeton, and the most wearisome day I ever traveled. I was just ready to drop, but I had no time to rest ; it was meeting time. I took a cup of tea, got

off some of the mud, and went immediately to the meeting. The Lord went with us and gloriously blessed us. How precious it was to be there!

This Sabbath morning I was favored with special liberty in preaching from 'As God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.' Our faith increased, and the people were blessed. This afternoon I was able to experience the apostle's prayer for the Ephesians, 'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named. That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man. That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith. That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.' I had an inquiry meeting at the close, and God poured out his Spirit upon us so richly that many spoke twice, and some three times, and some four times.

'The King himself came near
To feast his saints that day.'

We did indeed feast with Jesus, priests, and kings, and there was a shout of a king in the camp.

The dear people gave me five dollars and thirty cents ; all these favors encourage me to trust in Jesus. I am going to Conference to-day, and am praying that God would make me powerful for good among the ministers ; that I may set such a holy example, and manifest such a holy and heavenly spirit, that I may do the greatest good to the masses.

I went to Conference, and God wonderfully baptized me there, and I was able to give a clear and strong testimony to the fullness of Jesus' power to save. How I was filled with the Spirit again and again ! I wrote in my diary as follows :

Orono, June 17. How mysterious are the ways of God ! My heart is dissolved in the goodness and love of God. Wonderful indeed are all his ways. Last year I could not come to Conference, because I was in Milltown at a protracted meeting. This year I was permitted to come, and God showed me how I could be useful. I have endeavored to push the prayer-meetings through on the full salvation plan, and we have had a most heavenly and spiritual Conference, a regular camp-meeting Conference. Prayer-meeting at five and eight o'clock A. M., and six P. M. Then Bishop Andrews is full of the Holy Ghost, and in the midst of the business he started a prayer-meeting, and preached us a glorious sermon on his own experience, as it now realized the fulfillment of the promise, ' Lo, I am with you always,'

etc. The Lord bless him forever. He is every way worthy of the exalted position to which he is called.

During the first days of the Conference, Rev. G. Pratt, presiding elder of the Bangor district, pressed me hard to go up to the Aroostook county and take charge of seven or eight towns, and hold grove meetings, etc., and also intimated that the Conference would not appoint me as an Evangelist, to go where I pleased; by this I thought there was an agreement in the Cabinet with the bishop and presiding elders to compel me to go against the convictions of the Holy Ghost in me, and I went to my room fully prepared to settle the matter before God; for I had determined that I would only take charge of Whiting the coming year, and be at liberty to go where God opened the way the balance of the time. So I wrote as follows:

ORONO, June 12, 1872.

*To the Bishop and Cabinet of the M. E. Church,
Orono, East Maine Conference, GREETING.*

DEAR BRETHREN,—I have arrived at a deeply interesting and important period of my life. For twenty years I have preached the gospel of Christ, and most of the time in the pastoral office, which service I have enjoyed most richly.

It is due to you to say, that a great change has come over my mind, while I have entered into

closer communion with God. I have for years felt it my duty to give myself most heartily to the work of an Evangelist, and I have been repeatedly told by the churches, where I have labored in this capacity, that I was more adapted to this special work than to that of a pastor, and this is my solemn conviction.

Jan. 1, 1871. While reading for the second time 'Bringing in Sheaves,' I fell back with astonishment and cried out, 'O Lord! Is it possible for one man to do so much good? Then would it not be for thy glory to have another man just like him? If so, then here I am, take me.' And immediately the fire from heaven fell, and my soul was baptized into this special work, and I declared myself an Evangelist from that hour. In a most signal manner God has owned me in this work, and he would have given me greater success if I had freed myself from pastoral work last Conference.

I consented to go to Cutler last year because the meeting-house seemed to demand special attention. Now the house is finished and sold, and I must be free to follow the openings of Providence, and I cannot take any pastoral work except in the town where God has given me a home, that is, Whiting. Allow me to say further:

1. I still love the M. E. church, and I am resolved to labor for her extension over the world.

2. My life is short; souls are precious; the har-

vest is great; the laborers are few. I must therefore follow the course that will be most likely to extend the Redeemer's kingdom to the greatest number of my fellow men.

3. If you cannot see your way clear to give me the work I ask, then I feel it my duty, in the fear of God, to ask a location.

I am fully prepared for the consequences. I have a perfect understanding with the Almighty, and I shall not want, for my Father owns the resources of the universe.

I should prefer to remain a member of the Conference, still I must not go back of my solemn obligations to God and humanity in this line of duty. Heaven smiles, and I will obey.

I know the voice of the great bishop of the church, and I know his will in this matter, etc.

Yours, for Jesus' sake,

E. DAVIES.

The evening after I wrote this letter I saw my presiding elder, and he told me I could have just the work that I asked; that I could stay at Whiting just that part of the time I pleased, etc.

This made the matter all plain so far. I was not certain what to do during the summer months, as the farmers and fishermen were so busy; but Jesus always finds work for those who are willing to do it,

for the very next day Rev. William P. Ray, pastor of the Trinity M. E. church, East Cambridge, having about two hundred and seventy members, came all the way down to Orono to ask me to supply his pulpit for three months, while he went to Europe for a vacation, and to move my family into his furnished house so near the parsonage.

This was so marked a dispensation of divine providence, and was so timely and gracious, that for the first I could hardly believe it. We talked the matter over and prayed about it; still I could not see my way clear till the third day. Then, while in my closet, the Lord enlightened my mind, so that I could see my way plainly enough, and Jesus said, ‘Go, and I will go with you, and make you a blessing, and I will make them a blessing to you. This is a special provision I have made for you just at this time, when you are going out to trust me. I want to show you that none ever trusted me in vain. Just as I gave you that blessed revival in England, when you were about to sail to America, to cheer you over the Atlantic; just so I give you this special and unexpected favor, as you are about to go forth, to cheer you on your way. Yes, go, and I will go with you and give you peace.’

This whole thing was as plain to my mind as a vision, and it melted me before the Lord, so that I wept and rejoiced gloriously. I immediately wrote

Brother Ray that I would come, and Jesus would come with me, and good should be done.

I went back to Weston to spend the Conference Sabbath. The Spirit was poured out, and a man and wife and young lady came forward for prayers. It was a melting time. Glory to God! There was a general interest.

Whiting, June 18. Here I am at Whiting; have come all the way from Aroostook county in a day and a half. My heart is dissolved in love, and melted with the goodness of God. How gracious it was for God to open my way to go to East Cambridge, just when the peace jubilee is in Boston; to go to so large a field, and be sustained by so large a society. Hallelujah!

When I was about to leave England, to leave my mother's grave and come here and live among strangers to toil for Jesus, then he opened my way to lead a host of young people to Jesus, and so the love of these converts was a recompense in part for the sacrifice that I was making. Just so now, when I am depending on the calls of individual churches, rather than take my work from the hands of a bishop, just then Jesus calls me to go with him to Boston, that I may prosper and gather strength for future days, and says, 'Some may look coldly upon you, but I will put honor upon you while you lay low at my feet,' and 'besides, as I have given you

this unexpected goodness, just so I have other good things in store. *Trust in me.*'

East Cambridge, June 22. Here I am safe at the home of my dear Brother Ray, and last night I took charge of one class and visited two others. God is with this people. It is precious to hear them pray and talk. Glory to God!

EXPERIENCE ON THE STEAMBOAT.

There was so much drinking and card-playing on the steamer from Eastport, that I determined to take up my cross and sing for Jesus. I did so, and God blessed the effort. One party left off playing. Some of the drinkers made sport of the singing, but they could find no sympathy, and so they took themselves away and left us the field all clear. The good people gathered, and God helped me to rise on my feet and tell the people of their sins and of their Saviour; that I wanted to carry them in my arms to Jesus. How happy he made me! How willing I was to work for him! Every moment good was done. I read the first Psalm, and a number knelt before the Lord while I prayed, and I kept up the singing till about half-past nine o'clock. The next day I sang again, and the Lord blessed the effort. Two good-looking men began to talk with me; one of them I found was a pharisee. I told him he must go to God through Christ; that there was salvation

in no other name; that he must not *neglect* God's appointed way of saving men.

Monday, July 1. Have spent two Sabbaths and one whole week at East Cambridge, I find this people so kind and so precious to me. How nobly they come up to the work. Ten have been forward for prayers, and all have testified that Jesus saves. Most of them are backsliders. One of the old brethren came forward last night and Jesus touched him. He is seeking full salvation. God has given me favor with the people, and access to the unconverted. I go to-day to Maine after my family. We have established a noon prayer-meeting, and four holiness meetings per week. The gospel leaven is working. God will give me a glorious summer revival.

July 2. Just returned from Whiting with my family. On the steamer another minister and I began to sing some heavenly melodies; then some men asked us to sing some comic songs. I told them they were not appropriate, that we were going to have prayers. They drew away and began to sing some comic songs. We continued our singing, and by and by the captain went and told the other party that he did not want any religious worship disturbed on his boat. They were ashamed enough. We had a precious season of prayer, and felt the safer, having committed ourselves fully to God. A few

weeks afterwards one of these steamers struck a rock and was a wreck, though all the passengers were saved.

Jesus gave me special liberty in preaching from Romans 12: 3, dwelling especially upon 'the measure of faith,' which God hath given to every man. The sacrament service was very precious. The evening meeting was a blessed success. I had a mighty season in prayer, and Brother H. Leonard took hold by faith; we asked for twenty souls, but we have hardly reached the depth of humility where God can give us so many in one night. Oh for the burden of soul, for the mighty agony of the blessed Jesus, then the victory will come. Thank God, two were converted and one reclaimed, two others were seeking, the saints of God were refreshed.

SUMMER REVIVALS.

I found many of the people were inclined to think they could not make any special effort to save souls in the summer months, so I wrote for *Zion's Herald* as follows:

'How many of God's dear people seem to think that God cannot answer prayer, and pour out his Spirit, and save a multitude of souls in the summer months. "Four months and then cometh harvest," says a procrastinating faith. When the blessed Jesus is bending over the heavens, and pointing out the

multitudes that are perishing, hear his language :
“Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh harvest ; behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto eternal life.”

‘When Satan stops for a summer vacation, when the mighty Niagara of vice and sin shall stop its ceaseless flow, when wicked men shall cease from sinning, and hell from receiving its eternal revenue of blood-bought souls capable of heaven, or when Jesus’ blood shall cease to atone for fallen man through the months of summer, or when the mighty responsibility of constant labor shall be revoked in the courts of heaven, then, and not till then, will the Almighty excuse us from vigilant service in saving souls from death during summer. Think on these things, beloved, and let no sinner out of hell that you can reach, ever be able to say, “No man careth for my soul,” and his blood be found in your skirts.’

This forenoon, Brother Dudley called me to see Andrew Fillebrown, who is near his end with consumption. I found him in a tender state of mind, just ready to be led to Jesus. I sat down and talked with him about the way of salvation. I told him of a short prayer, viz., ‘O Lord, for Christ’s sake pardon my sins and prepare me for heaven.’ He prayed thus three times over, and God answered his prayer;

and he shouted, 'Glory to God! Glory to God!' How my soul melted before the Lord to think that he should hear and answer prayer so soon. I then knelt down and poured out my heart in prayer for him, and again he shouted, 'Glory to God! Glory to God!' and love filled him. Praise the Lord forever! for another new name in the book of life. I returned home rejoicing, holding myself ready for the next errand of mercy.

July 14. This is the Sabbath evening, and it has indeed been a glorious day to me. I preached to the prisoners of the county jail this forenoon at 8 o'clock, and Jesus helped me to represent his power to save, and quite a number requested my prayers. God has saved a number of them. At half-past ten I preached in the church from 'Wilt thou be made whole?' and nearly all the congregation said 'yes,' by rising. Brothers William Graves and H. Leonard led in prayer, and the power of the Lord was present to heal. We broke up amidst shouts of praise, and some felt that we ought to have held on, at least part of us, all through the noon hour.

Three o'clock I preached from 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' It was a precious season.

In the evening two Germans came forward for prayers, and pledged to serve God for life. Also, two others were forward for prayers.

July 21. East Cambridge is prospering. Glory to God, for the sanctification of believers, and the salvation of sinners. Amen.

July 27. Just returned from National Camp Meeting in Maine; have been wonderfully blessed. Grand success. My own soul was gloriously saved over and over again. 'Filled with the Spirit.'

August 5. Last night we failed to get any one forward for prayers, and we humbled ourselves before God, and inquired for the answer. The dear brethren prayed one after another, and also the sisters, till God melted my heart, and my faith increased to ask for one hundred souls, and to declare I would die in East Cambridge rather than give up the revival. Glory! Glory!

August 7. Last Sabbath one at least of the prisoners was saved while I prayed by her side. Quite a number of these female prisoners have found Christ. Bless the Lord, O my soul. After dinner Brother Hudson and I went to visit Mr. Sloane, who was sick with consumption; and while we prayed and sang, God set him at glorious liberty, after he had been a backslider for eight years. He was made so happy that he almost shouted for joy at the going down of the sun. I have called twice since, and he is still trusting in Jesus, thrice happy, patiently waiting for the coming of the Lord to take him home.

This dear brother was once a member of the

Congregationalist church, but had fallen sadly away. He was a miracle of grace. He lived a number of weeks to test his piety, and he did most gloriously triumph all the way through. A few days before he died, he wanted to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We went in with a few Christians and had a precious time in breaking to him the emblems of the body and blood of our dear Jesus. He sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and, at his request, I left the camp-meeting at Hamilton to attend his funeral.

We have been praying to-day that God would give us one hundred souls, and give us the pledge of it in sending some one to our meeting this evening to seek the Lord. I had just gone to my closet after supper, when a man called to ask me to attend the funeral of his darling Willie. I took a chair and sat near him, and found he had been a very wicked man, but was a child of many prayers, and of sober habits. He was quite candid and tender, and had many times resolved to be a Christian. While I talked, the Spirit of God touched his heart; the tears began to flow; we bowed before the Lord; he resolved to be a Christian, and he began to cry aloud for mercy, and promised God if he would forgive him he would love and serve him the rest of his life. Then he joined in prayer with me, and God for Christ's sake pardoned his sins, and set him at liberty. Then he said he wished he could see his sister that prayed so fervently

for him when he was in the West Indies sick with the yellow fever. He promised to write her, and said his wife must come with him to heaven. Glory to God for all his mercies! Now I am going to meeting expecting some others will come there seeking the Lord.

The wife of the above man was reclaimed, bless the Lord!

August 13. I went this morning to Framingham camp-meeting and was wonderfully blessed while Dr. Daniel Steele was preaching the glorious gospel, especially while he told his experience. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! After dinner I called at Rev. A. B. Earle's, at Newton, author of 'Bringing in Sheaves,' that has done me so much good. I was delighted and edified while we exchanged our experience, and while he taught me more perfectly the way to save the world. He is a marvelous prodigy of endurance; has preached nearly six hundred sermons, and traveled nearly 1500 miles since last October. In the month of July he preached twenty-one sermons a week, and rode nights to get from one place to another.

I am fully determined to tread in his steps, as far as God will enable me. I am fully convinced that his mantle has fallen upon me, and that I have a large share of the same spirit filling me now. I was blessed, while we were so sweetly talking, to find

that I had had much of the same experience as himself, I was so sweetly trusting Jesus to find me work and to supply my wants. It was one of the luxuries of my life to meet the dear brother who had been made such a blessing to me, and to have his prayers and counsel.

August 12. Just returned from Yarmouth camp-meeting. It was a precious season. I preached yesterday at the camp-meeting from 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' God gave me great liberty, and at the close nearly every professor and minister present arose, expressing a desire to receive the Holy Ghost; and we bowed at once in silent prayer, and still some could not be silent, and one cried out, 'O Lord, give me this baptism that I may be useful.' Somebody told him rather abruptly to 'hold his peace.' I could not feel that this was right; the poor man could not help crying out. In a few moments the bell rang for dinner, and at once 'the powers that be' began to sing the doxology, and dismissed the meeting; and so the blessed Holy Spirit was invited to come to the hearts of hundreds, and yet we did not wait a moment (after the bell rung) to welcome this heavenly guest. Reluctantly many rose from their knees and slowly went away. I was hurt. A dear sister from Grace Church, Boston, was so overpowered with the Holy Ghost that she sat and leaned upon a sister, and her face shone as it had been

the face of an angel. The tears streamed down her cheeks. She had enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification for years, but said she never had anything like that. It seemed as if the very Spirit that waited to fill the hearts of the multitude fell on her, while others went away to feast the body.

There she sat with glory beaming from her countenance, unable to move, as though the Holy Ghost would have some human form in which to enshrine himself at that sacred altar. And there we sat around this sister till after the bell rang one o'clock, and it was a feast indeed to see her face and hear her tell the wondrous dealings of God to her soul.

Many precious revivals are stopped by just such disrespect to the operations of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit is grieved and the work of God ceases. Lord, help us ever to be led by the Spirit!

HAMILTON CAMP-GROUND.

Aug. 26. It is Sabbath evening, half-past ten o'clock, but I cannot rest till I have recorded the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost I have received again and again on this ground. It is an increasing conviction on my heart that I ought to locate my family somewhere near Boston, that I may the better serve the church, and be nearer the centre of railroads, and so save much precious time in my journeys home from the various parts of the country

whither God calls me to do the work of an Evangelist; and it was made plain to my mind the other night that I must do this, that I may save more souls. But I have not the money to buy the home, and I thought at the time that I had lost five hundred dollars. I went to Jesus about it, and he said to me so sweetly, 'I am better to you than money,' and I said, 'Yes, Lord, thou art,' and so I have let the matter rest since.

While on this ground Satan has tried to make me doubt, saying, 'I would buy the house and not be able to pay for it.' I knew it was of Satan, and I resisted; but this morning while they were singing the second hymn on the stand, it flashed into my mind, like a ray of heavenly light, the sweetest assurance that I should have the house; that it should be paid for; that my Father owned the resources, and would supply all my need. It was so plain, that a voice from heaven could not have spoken plainer. Yea, it was a voice from heaven, the voice of the blessed Holy Ghost, speaking so sweetly to my heart, assuring me that my Father owned all the resources of the universe. In a moment I was flooded with salvation, and was constrained to shout aloud for joy. Glory! Glory!!

Aug. 29. Home again from Hamilton camp-meeting, well in body, strong in faith, sure of victory in my future labors. Preached once at camp-meeting, and held forty social meetings.

We had meetings for the children in our tent, and I have no doubt but twenty or thirty of these precious souls found Jesus. The last meeting will ever be memorable. Most of the children spoke, and about fifty prayed, just those little prayers that children know how to pray, of one sentence, expressing just the desire of the heart. Showers of grace fell upon us, and we all rejoiced together.

The last night I had a meeting for the young people, and the Lord came down and filled the place. It was wonderful to see how those precious young people enjoyed the presence of the Lord; and four young ladies came forward at the close to seek the Lord, and I trust they found him. We went from this meeting to the stand, and a number of ministers made short speeches, and the time went by; but there was no effort to lead sinners to Christ, and those two precious hours were consumed in walking round and shaking hands, etc., which might have been spent at the tents, gathering up the fruits of the meeting. I have no doubt we shall learn to close a camp-meeting in a better way, as the blessed Spirit shall teach us more perfectly.

The next morning I went to the Gloucester tent and began to sing in the door of the tent. The people gathered. I began to talk, the power of God fell upon the people, and the meeting continued in front of that tent for nearly two hours, and it was

one of the best meetings of the whole. We shall never forget it. I found two young women who promised to pray for themselves, and I put their names on my praying list, and I expect to hear of their conversion. I took the names of others who said, 'pray for me.' I showed them my 'Believers' Hand Book,' and they bought all I had, and ordered nearly three dozen sent by mail. One man bought ten copies. That book will do much good.

About half-past one P. M., I held a meeting at the stand, and the power of God was there. It ran on well till after three o'clock, when I had to go to the cars, and so I finished my work at the blessed Hamilton camp-meeting. It is believed that two hundred souls passed from death unto life, including the children.

Sept, 1. Since I returned from camp-meeting I have been wonderfully baptized almost hourly, and I have needed it, as I have been looking out a home for my family, and trusting Jesus to furnish the funds. Jesus kindly takes me as his partner, and he furnishes the supplies. I do not feel at liberty to buy a more expensive house than I need, nor to buy one that would be any discredit to Jesus who has pledged to supply all my wants.

FINDING A SUITABLE HOME.

I wanted one near Boston that I might reach it

easily from any point of the compass, and save precious time. I wanted about one acre of land and a variety of fruit trees, and a good house with about eight rooms. I looked in various towns and inquired of a number of agents. I did not feel able to take one worth more than twenty-five hundred dollars. One agent told me of a house in Reading for sale, and occupied now by a minister. Not satisfied with it, as I went back to the depot I saw a place for sale, and I found it was just what I have described above, within twelve minutes' walk of the depot, not far from a Methodist church, where my wife will meet her only brother every Sabbath, and the man was glad to sell it for the above sum. He had tried to sell it for years and failed; it seemed as though it was reserved for me, and the terms are such as I can meet. I dwell on this to show that God is thus leading me from step to step in the way he would have me go, and I go on singing,

‘Where thou goest I will follow;
By thy grace I’ll follow thee.’

Sept. 2. Last night my sanctification was tested in a most severe manner. I was abused by a member of my own church in a most shameful way, without provocation, at the close of a meeting, and right in the presence of others. Jesus helped me to bear it most patiently, and to-day (the Sabbath) I

have been kept from mentioning it. I am praying most intensely that God would wonderfully help the poor man and melt him down into penitence. He must see his folly. Lord save him now!

This has been a glorious day. God met us wonderfully in the half-past nine o'clock prayer-meeting, and sweetly saved one young man who has been the subject of many prayers. God has melted the heart of the man who abused me. Hallelujah!

Sept. 6. I have just returned from Willimantic camp-meeting. I was enabled to go into the crowds and lead a number into the altar, and they were sweetly saved, almost without an exception. I found one young man just outside the altar. He talked very candidly about religion. After talking to him a few minutes he rose up and went forward in great earnestness, and bowed before the Lord. After a prayer or two he was still kneeling. I asked him what his duty was, and he owned, 'It was plain to my mind that I ought to arise and make a confession.' I told him to follow the leadings of the good Spirit. He arose and confessed that he had a praying mother in heaven and had promised to meet her, and he meant to do so, and so God saved him right on the spot. 'Holiness to the Lord' prevailed at this meeting.

Sept. 8. Preached three times to-day, once at Cottage street, Cambridgeport, for Brother Rowe;

took four into the church ; baptized a Sister Woodman, from Boston, and also a lady whose parents came from Canada, and attended three prayer-meetings.

I found a sea captain in the six o'clock meeting who came from Nova Scotia. God melted his heart and sweetly saved him, and he came forward in the large congregation and confessed it. He also had a praying mother in heaven. So prayer still prevails, even after the lips are sealed in death that offer it. 'Depend on him, thou canst not fail. Make all thy wants and wishes known.'

Sept. 15. This has been a glorious day. I went to see a sick man early this morning. He came from England, and is near eternity, a poor backslider. Jesus save ! Amen. Brother Owen preached this morning. I went and heard Brother P. Wood at North Avenue. He is an excellent minister. I love him much. He gave us a glorious gospel sermon, in a very lovely way, from 'One thing is needful.' I attended the funeral of a child at two o'clock. Preached on exchange at North Avenue in the afternoon. I had a precious children's meeting at the close, and I have good evidence that some of them were converted right there. I found a young man at the six o'clock meeting from home. He had praying parents ; was very respectful ; he trembled while I put my hands on him and prayed,

and he promised me he would be a Christian. May God give him no rest till he turns to Christ. Blessed Jesus, thou must answer that prayer.

The large prayer-meeting at seven o'clock was a most glorious time. The Trinity praying band was there in full strength, and sang and prayed and talked very well indeed. Three were reclaimed, and two converted at the close of the meeting. It was a most memorable and profitable service.

Thus, dear reader, I have given you a personal narrative of the forty-two years that God has permitted me to sojourn on this footstool. I have included also my labors of love in the Master's cause, and the incidents and revival facts that have come under my notice. And I trust you will imitate that part of it that commends itself to you, and pardon all imperfections, remembering that 'the best of men are but men at the best.'

As to my present state of religious experience I can say, I would rather live on earth and labor hard for twenty years (as I expect to) than go to heaven to-night. I would rather preach the gospel to my dying fellow men than I would walk the streets of glory with the angel Gabriel. I do not want to go to heaven to be happy; I have a heaven in my heart now. I do not want to go to heaven to be made pure; for I believe the blood of Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost can make me pure as

an angel in this life ; sanctify me wholly, and preserve me blameless even here. There is not the least reason for sinning and stumbling, repenting and falling again into sin. The soul may be so sweetly imbedded in God, that it will find its highest delight to do God's will on earth as the angels do in heaven, *i. e. constantly, fully, and cheerfully*; and this is my blessed experience. Glory to God!

‘I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.’

CONCLUSION.

I could not close without the following from my journal:

Sept. 22, 1872. I am in a transition state, just getting ready to leave East Cambridge and go to my God-given home in Reading. My heart is tender at the thought that henceforth I am to be without a pastoral charge or pulpit, and without stated salary, and that I am to provide for myself; nay, verily, Jesus will provide for me, and yesterday I got the twenty-five dollars that I thought for months was lost, and the bond of five hundred dollars is safe that I thought was lost. Then the Wesleyan praying band called on me last night, and one of the brethren left me quite a present. Other favors came about

the same time. Had a blessed time preaching from the 'Very God of peace sanctify you wholly,' etc. Most glorious prayer-meeting in the evening. The church is getting into the work. Hallelujah!

Sept. 29. This has been a most glorious Sabbath. Heaven came down in the morning, while I was preaching upon the fidelity of Daniel, who, when he knew that the writing was signed, went into his chamber with his windows open toward heaven, and kneeled upon his knees and prayed, and gave thanks to his God, as he had aforetime. God wonderfully blessed me and all the congregation. I was richly baptized in my closet before going into the pulpit, and all day melting mercy fell upon me. I was wonderfully paid for trusting in Jesus, and giving up my pastoral relation to go forth like Abraham, not knowing whither I went. I realize that Daniel's God is my God, and he will deliver me in every time of need. I can trust and not be afraid.

The Sabbath-school concert was a most deeply interesting time. Soon after it began a company of scholars gathered around Rev. William P. Ray, the pastor, who had just returned from Europe. One of them made a most affectionate and appropriate speech, others repeated beautiful verses of Scripture, and presented a lovely bouquet. Before the close, the daughter of Bro. Sloane (who had gone to heaven) came forward and presented me with a

beautiful bouquet, and in a tender manner made the following speech :

‘DEAR BROTHER DAVIES,—As this is your last Sabbath with us, it is but fitting that we should at this time express to you our thanks for the interest you have taken in our school. Borne as you have the heat of the summer past, at a time when our numbers were few, we rejoice that God gave you strength for your day, and we feel that your efforts among us have been productive of good.

‘Will you please accept this bouquet, with our wishes that God may abundantly prosper your labor in his cause.

‘And although we are now called to part, in the relation of pastor and school, yet we have the assurance that if faithful to our calling, we shall meet again in that beautiful mansion on high.’

This was like ointment poured forth. I replied as best I could, and God made me glad amid the sadness of parting with so many kind friends.

‘In the sweet by and by

We shall meet on that beautiful shore by and by;

In the sweet by and by

We shall meet on that beautiful shore.’

CHAPTER XV.

' Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis thy hand that leadeth me.
His faithful follower would I be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.'

As the time drew near for me to leave East Cambridge, I had peculiar feelings, especially as I was about to leave East Maine, and go out fully to do the work of an Evangelist, without any pastoral charge or stated supply. But it is remarkable that just the very day that I moved my family to East Cambridge I had the following letter from Rev. A. Osborn, who has had an experience of thirty years in the ministry.

TROY CONFERENCE, HAGAMAN'S MILLS, N. Y.,
July 4, 1872.

Rev. E. DAVIES,—Permit a brother minister of more than thirty years' service in the Troy Conference to address you a few lines. I have learned of you through the papers, and learned to have a deep sympathy with the special work to which you devote

yourself. For the last few years myself and companion have had a good deal of a missionary spirit, and have labored in 'regions beyond,' considerably, but we do not see our way clear to give up the regular work. For the last few years we have chosen such fields as needed special work. Our present one (a little east of Albany) is of such a character. We have two fine congregations, and God has greatly blessed us. We are looking for glorious times. Our membership is small and feeble, and special help is needed. Now I have been thinking, dear brother, when you had this letter, God may put it into your heart to come and help us, say when you have closed your labors at East Cambridge in October. Oh that it might be even so! Now you pray and we will also, to see if the good Lord will not open a way for you to come. The Lord bless you a thousand times more. Your brother in Christ,

A. OSBORN.

So all along the summer my mind was made up to help brother Osborn in October. I was all the more impressed to go, because he was an old, experienced man, and had written to me as in the providence of God, and because this was a small place, and needed special help. My heart was lifted up that God would prepare my way, and at length I appointed the meetings to commence October 9th, and started from

home in Reading, Mass., that very morning. I had a peculiar blessing, as I rode the first mile or two. I was just going out in honor of God in this new line for the first time since I had given up all pastoral care.

It seemed as though I could see myself on a vast plain, in the presence of the King of kings, and that I was bowed down at his feet, and he was putting upon me a distinguished honor, a crown, and I bowed so reverently and was indeed blessed according to my day. This was as plain and manifest as life. The cars glided along very swiftly. I crossed the city of Boston, and was soon on the Boston & Albany railroad, on an express train. All was well. I waited a few hours at Albany, and spent my time in lifting my heart to God for his blessing on Haganman's Mills. About half-past six o'clock P. M., Brother Osborn met me at Amsterdam, and carried me to his kind, hospitable home. A few of the devoted sisters of the church met me at the parsonage, and had kindly brought a variety of supplies for my comfort while I stayed.

I had rode two hundred and fifty miles, and had worked hard to get my house in order so I could leave my family. Was up late the night before and early that morning, but still I was ready to go into the church and relate to them the dealings of God to my soul, and what I expected there. They listened with interest, and God blessed the service.

I found myself among many warm-hearted friends, and found Brother and Sister Osborn two of the most genial and efficient laborers that I have ever met. They had toiled hard at this place for six months, and God had blessed their labors, and the people were all expectation that God would work.

I was well rested the next morning, and spent my hour in prayer, and then rode out with Brother Osborn, and visited Father Diamond, who is one of God's friends, and his wife, and the neighbors, and we returned to take dinner at Brother Collins', who is, with his devoted wife, a standard-bearer in the church. Their daughter Alice played us some tunes on the melodeon, and promised she would seek the Lord without delay. John is a promising boy, and is interested in religion.

At two o'clock P. M. I preached on holiness in the church. The power of the Lord rested on the people. In the evening I preached on the immutability of human character after death. God impressed the people with his own truth. The meetings went on gloriously. The next morning we called on Mr. Knapp, who had lost a child in the summer, and he was in earnest to be a Christian. And after we had prayed, he cried out in tears, and fervently said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' etc., and Jesus blessed just there, and he went across the room, and fell down at the knees of his wife, and

laid his head on her breast and said, 'O wife, I will go with you to heaven.' He has continued to pray ever since.

The next night, on invitation, Mrs. Hagaman rose for prayers, and came forward with the Christians, and appeared to be in great earnest to be a Christian. May God help her to be faithful! Her parents are Catholics.

Sunday A. M. I preached from 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' God gave me special liberty, and a mass of believers came forward to the altar to receive the Holy Ghost, and I have seldom seen a more glorious manifestation of God in so small a meeting. Sister Collins was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. The meeting lasted till nearly one o'clock.

I ought to have said we had a children's meeting in the morning, and nearly the whole school were interested in seeking religion, especially Sister Osborn's boys, and Sister Collins' girls. The young ladies in Brother and Sister Banta's classes are nearly all Christians.

West Galway is a scattered village with three churches, and two or three stores and a post-office, about four miles from Hagaman's Mills. The Methodists have a fine church there, and there was a blessed reformation there last year. But the converts needed to be led into the deeper things of God,

and Brother Osborn had given out that I should preach there on the subject of entire sanctification. The rain kept some away, but there was quite a congregation. My text was, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' I was exceedingly weary, having labored in the morning for about four hours. But my heart was warm, and the Holy Spirit helped my infirmities, and sent the word home with force to the hearts of the people, and they readily came forward, and such a crying to God and confession of their sins I seldom see. The class-leader, Brother Newman, rose up and said, 'The impotent man had lain at the pool for thirty and eight years, but he had been a member of the Methodist church forty-two years, and had been a full believer in this full salvation all the time, but had never obtained it. That he had a quick temper, and was often led astray; still he had stood by the cause of God, and now he wanted to be made whole, and had been saying all through the sermon, yes, I will be made whole.'

This opened the way for others to confess, and there was a general penitence before the Lord. One young man is studying for the ministry, named William Lessur. He readily confessed his example had not been what it ought to be, and that others had been led astray by him. I told him there was no trouble about the example, if the heart was right. That there was a time when my watch kept stopping

and starting, so that I could not tell what time it was, as I could not tell whether it had been stopping or going forward. So I took it to the watchmaker, and he opened the case and saw that there was something there that did not belong there that hindered the operation of the wheels. He put in his pincers and took out the foreign element, and the watch has gone ever since, and now I did not have to wake up in the night to see if the watch was going, it goes itself; and so it would be with our life and example, when all the evils were taken out of our hearts. There were some young ladies and some strong women that were in mighty earnest to be made whole. 'Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!' If God will bless my labors everywhere as he has in this place, then the Lord open my way to go through the land and lead tens, yea, hundreds of thousands into the land of Caanan, or of perfect love.

This meeting lasted from two o'clock till nearly five o'clock, and will never be forgotten even by the Presbyterian minister who sat back and listened to the whole, and kindly shook hands and wished me the best of Heaven's blessings.

We returned to Hagaman's Mills in the evening, where I was especially favored of God, while preaching from 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' Glory to God, for the hammer of his word that breaks the heart asunder! Some were disappointed

because sinners did not rush to the altar; but my faith was strong in God, assured that God had appointed these instrumentalities for the salvation of souls, and I should expect them to come to Christ, just as really as I should if God had told me to go into the graveyard and sing Old Hundred, and he would raise the dead.

Monday I was weary, for I had toiled all day and night, and it took away my energies. Still I was in excellent health. I visited the factory and talked with a number, and found they were quite ready to talk about religion, and some of them confessed they wanted to be Christians.

In the evening I had an informal meeting, and without a text I pressed the matter of personal piety upon them, by relating a variety of anecdotes, and they were deeply interested, and I realized that I had gained more of their confidence and affection. Sister Osborn followed with a precious exhortation which started the tears out of more eyes than one.

The next afternoon I had a meeting for the children and the young people, and God melted the hearts of the children, and Mary Wilson was almost persuaded. After this I preached from 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.'

In the evening I preached from 'Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.' The solemnity of eternity rested upon the

people; it was so solemn that we would not sing the doxology, lest we should disturb the deep impression. There was no hymn we could sing that was suitable, and we closed the meeting by pronouncing the benediction in the most quiet manner. Quite a number rose for prayers; others wanted to, but lacked the courage.

The next morning we rode up to Brother Reynolds', and found a happy family living in from the road, and had a most pleasant visit. He came from England many years ago, and is trying to gain heaven. The tears rolled down his cheeks while I talked to him at the table. His wife is living for God. They have two daughters in the heavenly way.

We have found a number to-day who declare they will do their duties and give their hearts to Christ.

Brother Osborn is a real yoke-fellow, and holds himself ready to every good word and work, and is so timely in his suggestions, that I am more than ever sure God sent me here to do and to get good. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

We had a most glorious season round the family altar last evening. God brought me into a wealthy place.

Our labors at Hagaman's Mills were hindered in various ways. 1. The Methodist Church had failed to commend itself to the fullest confidence of the people by repeated troubles and disputes, etc. This had

weakened the members, and destroyed their confidence in one another to some extent, and also their confidence in God. So that much of our work was with the church, and I am happy to record that I found quite a number of substantial Christians among them, and, glory to God, many of them were baptized with the blessed Spirit, and some of them were filled 'unutterably full of glory and of God.' 2. Hindrance was in the indifference and silent (and to some extent the expressed) opposition of the other church. They seemed to lack the deep spiritual influence of the Holy Ghost, that would lead them to labor earnestly for the salvation of souls; though I am happy to say some of the members stood by the meetings all the time. We were careful to invite the minister to attend and participate in the meetings, but he was away part of the time, and did not attend when at home. The Lord forgive them, if by any means they hindered the salvation of souls. 3. The unconverted heads of families would not lead the way to Jesus. 4. There seemed to be a fearful combination among the young people to keep away from Christ. So that it was the hardest place I ever labored in as far as the young people were concerned. My heart would almost sink within me as I thought of their sad condition. The Lord have mercy.

I went to West Galway, and the people seemed willing to hear and profit, and on Tuesday forenoon

and afternoon every person in the house came forward for prayers, even the little children, and a number of them were saved; so that on Friday we found Ettie and Cora Devine, and Flora Allen, were ready to join the class, and testified that they had found peace on Tuesday. Ettie went forward in baptism with Brother Wyans. I have the pleasantest recollections of that place. God save them entire! Amen.

I formed many precious acquaintances at Hagan's Mills, among them the Collins, Diamond, Banta, Christianity, Knapp, Levey, Tracy, Cuyler, Manchester, Mead, Fuller, Lawson, and Connor families, especially Brother Osborn, the pastor, and excellent lady, with whom I boarded most delightfully for nearly three weeks. God sent me to this place, and wonderfully blessed my soul, while I preached about thirty sermons, and attended as many social meetings. A number of heads of families and some young people were converted at Hagan's Mills, and some were redeemed, and there were quite a number clear cases of entire sanctification; a general awakening among the people; a glorious spirit of union among the members of the church; eleven joined the church on trial.

Rev. Mrs. Osborn is a most excellent worker, either among children or adults. She has a large class of boys in the Sabbath school, and she helped

much in our children's meetings. We organized a class of twenty-five children, and Mrs. Osborn is leader and Mrs. Collins assistant. This class is to meet every Saturday P. M., and it is indeed a rich feast to see how those young hearts are stirred, and to hear their testimonies for Jesus; and when we think of their future history, of the good they may do in the church and in the world, we fail to realize the importance of the salvation of so many dear children and youth.

We also organized a temperance society, and secured some thirty pledges of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks and tobacco. This is very important, for they may thereby be kept in the hour of temptation. We appointed the officers and proceeded to make a record. Mrs. Banta was chosen secretary, and they are to meet monthly. It numbered about fifty members.

We had a most heavenly day on Thursday, when we met at the church all day. I preached on 'Have faith in God,' and Brother Osborn exhorted in a most glorious way, till Sister Lawson shouted for joy, and the power of the Lord settled down deep into our souls, and we were sitting in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. In the afternoon I preached on 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.' Brother Osborn exhorted again, and

'Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy-seat.'

Then followed a most impressive and profitable administration of the Lord's Supper. The evening meeting was heavenly. I preached on 'Come near all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Then I sang that lovely hymn,

'I lift my eyes, the clouds grow thin,
I see the blue above it ;
And day by day my pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing,
All things are mine since I am his,
How can I keep from singing?'

Glory to God for sending me to Hagaman's Mills.
I expect to meet fifty souls in heaven as the result.

HAGAMAN'S MILLS, Oct. 27, 1872.

Mrs. E. DAVIES: My dear sister in Christ,—I have had the blessed privilege of being associated with your dear husband and mine in revival efforts in this place. God has graciously visited the church, revived, sanctified, and set us all to work for God, and we shall see greater things here than we have seen.

My own soul is newly baptized with the Holy Ghost. I am free,—*Jesus so sweetly saved me all the time.* Hallelujah! I rest so calmly and implicitly on Jesus, my faith so claims the promises, and while I

feel the work is *so great* on our hands, I do 'cast all my care on Jesus;' and while we work night and day, oh, how I rest! I lean my head on the breast of my Saviour. I shall thank God forever for your husband's visit among us. Much fruit will be gathered in this place, and many stars deck the crown of the laborers forever and ever. You will not lose your reward, my sister, in the great work. May God bless you abundantly, as well as your husband, in winning souls to Christ, prays your sister in Jesus,

S. C. OSBORN.

P. S. My love to the dear children, and a little token of affection. Pray for us. We shall not cease to make mention of you all in our prayers.

May the Lord preserve us all blameless to his coming.

S. C. O.

CHAPTER XVI.

‘ Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love’s command !
It is the *heart* and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain ;
And he that followeth love’s behest
Far exceedeth all the rest.’

HOLINESS CONVENTION IN BATH.

WHILE preaching in Dresden, I went down to Bath to attend a holiness convention. There was quite a number of ministers present besides the ministers of the city. It was a precious season, and the spirit of holiness rested upon us. Rev. Charles Munger, of the National Camp-meeting Association, was pastor, and one day he asked me to preach, and said they were reporting the sermons for the press, and he would want a copy of it. I put some thoughts together, and was prepared, as I supposed, to preach. Dr. Fisk went into the pulpit with me and prayed that I might have a subject right from heaven. The power of God rested upon the people and upon me while he prayed, and I began to think whether my subject was indeed from heaven ; and

not quite satisfied with it, the sublime prayer of Paul to the Ephesians came before me, and I determined to preach from it at a venture. It was a bold step to take before so many ministers and people, but a 'Thus saith the Lord' was enough. I began to expound and apply this wonderful prayer, and God began to pour out his Spirit, and the people and preacher were gloriously baptized under the word. Dr. Fisk left the pulpit when I began to preach, and it was a luxury to see how he drank in the truth and bowed his head again and again in assent.

Brother Munger determined to continue the meetings after the ministers went home, and I had a letter from him saying that God had given me the hearts of the people, and that there was no place under heaven where I could do so much good, for the present, as there. I went down and helped him for a few weeks, and God poured out his Spirit, and sanctified believers and saved souls. Among the rest was a Mr. Tabor and wife. They were very substantial people before they were converted, and they have stood true to God ever since.

There was a Mrs. O. who had said all manner of things about the meetings before she came to them. The first night she attended, the power of the Spirit rested upon her, and she was so distressed in mind that she said, 'Oh, if they would only give an invi-

tation for us to come forward for prayers, how soon I would go!’ The invitation was given, and she came forward and was saved right there, and she is still following Christ.

‘I WILL SATIATE THE SOUL OF THE PRIESTS.’

I had a happy home at Mrs. L.’s, and one Sabbath morning as I was walking the kitchen floor, I picked up the Bible and opened to Jeremiah, and my eyes fell on these words, ‘I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness.’ I immediately said, ‘that promise is for me, I am a priest.’ And quick as thought my soul was satiated with fullness. It was such a peculiar blessing as I had never before received. How blessed it is to live near enough to God to claim the immediate fulfillment of the promises.

I shall never forget the kindness of those families to me, and I was blessed a few days ago in visiting them, and in finding out that the good of those meetings still remain.

EAST PITTSTON.

This used to be one of the best appointments in the East Maine Conference, but by internal commotions it had been wasted and almost destroyed. A young minister named L., whom I baptized and took into the church at Danville, was stationed there, and

I was sent to introduce him and preach for him. We found that one of the best men of the church had left, and the disputes were anything but pious, and the prospects were dark for any minister, especially for so young a man. He told me on Sunday afternoon that he could not let me go till I had settled up his new trouble.

It looked dark and forbidding, but duty was imperative. So we rode round on Monday morning and called the church together, and after a while we proceeded to examine the case. It appeared to grow worse instead of better, and as though it was impossible to make peace out of such quarreling elements, but I still held on till about two o'clock P. M. A better spirit prevailed and peace was declared, and his family was restored to the church, and has since remained faithful and true.

That young minister has become an efficient and successful servant of the Lord Jesus and a member of the Conference.

RECOMMENDATIONS

OF

THE BELIEVER'S HAND-BOOK.

THE editors of "The Guide to Holiness," says of this pamphlet, —

"This is truly an excellent work, and we have perused its pages with profit. Most heartily do we commend it to all who are interested in heart-holiness."

BISHOP HAVEN (formerly editor of Zion's Herald) says, —

"It is a good little pamphlet, by one of our well-known contributors, on the best of themes. It sets forth the Bible view of Holiness and Love—two made one in their completeness, in clear and cogent terms. Everybody will be better for prayerfully reading these sacred teachings. Price only twenty-five cents."

REV. J. H. STEWART says, —

"I received your little book. Read it prayerfully. Think it calculated to do good, as it sets forth the plain doctrines of the Bible in a very simple style, and easy to be understood. Please send me one dozen copies."

Rev. WM. H. BOOLE, of the National Camp Meeting Association, says, —

"A good book. It is *terse, apt, practical*: and will furnish the young and ardent beginner with ready and strong weapons against his spiritual foes."

These are a few of the many testimonials of this book. God continues to bless it. The rapid sale of former editions, and the evidence that it is leading precious souls into the blessed state of entire sanctification, encourage me to still send it forth."

E. D.

EAST CAMBRIDGE.

DATE DUE

[illegible]

922.7
D286h

Davies, Edward,
He leadeth me :
or, The personal —
narrative,
religious —
experience, and —

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME

922.7
D286h

Davies, Edward,
He leadeth me :
or, The personal
narrative,
religious
experience, and

